THE LADY'S OWN PAPER

News of the Week, Music, Fashions, Novelettes, Domestic Varieties, &c.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

THE name of Charlotte Brontë—for it is thus, notwithstanding her subsequent marriage, that the author of the world-renowned "Jane Eyre" will ever be known—is so familiar to every class of readers, that it would be difficult to point to any salient facts in her strange history that have not been already sought out, especially since the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life" of the distinguished novelist. Who has not heard of the gloomy parsonage house on the drear Yorkshire moorland, flanked on either side by the crowded graveyard; of the motherless group of children that grew up so grave and noiseless under their father's unsympathising regimen, that one would not have known there was a child in the house; of the little Charlotte, the plain, diminutive, nervous girl, yet the patient student, the loving sister, the ever dutiful daughter; and of the after sorrows, and final gleams of happiness that marked her retiring life! The history is one of the most heart-stirring and sadly pathetic, perhaps, in the whole range of our literature. We will adduce a few facts.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Charlotte, the daughter of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, an Irish clergyman, was born at Thornton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the 21st of April, 1816. Mr. Brontë removed, with six young children, one son and five daughters, and an invalid wife, from Thornton to Haworth, in the same county, in 1821, and soon after their arrival Mrs. Brontë succumbed, to be followed to the tomb within a few years by two of her orphan girls, thus leaving Charlotte, Emily, Anne, and Patrick Branwell survivors. Their father, eccentric and reserved, was ill-fitted to replace a mother's watchful care and love; and the children, thrown on their own resources for amusement, took to reading, eagerly devouring all that fell in their way.

They wrote, too, tales, plays, and poems, edited imaginary papers and magazines, and lived in quite an ideal world of their own. Charlotte was marvellously indefatigable with her pen. Ere she was fourteen years old she had written, in the course of fifteen months, twenty-two closely-penned volumes of poetry, essays and stories, each MS. containing from sixty to a hundred pages, written in microscopic characters.

But as years passed on, Charlotte had to otherwise bestir herself, and obtained some very sorrowful experiences as a governess. Subsequently, with the view of better qualifying herself for the thankless task of teaching, she went with her sister Emily to Brussels, in 1842, and took up her abode in a *pensionnat*. While there, it would seem from her after description, she was never free from the "gnawing sensation of hunger," and to this deprivation of sufficient food she partly attributed the smallness of her stature. When Charlotte returned home, a new shadow fell across the threshold of the always sufficiently depressing parsonage. Her father's sight declined fast, and her only brother continuing a source of constant anxiety, it became evident that school-keeping would never prove an adequate resource, and she turned her thoughts, therefore, with her sisters, to literature. "We had very early," she remarks, in her preface to "Villette," "cherished the dream of becoming authors. This dream, never relinquished, even when distance divided, and absorbing tasks occupied us, now suddenly acquired strength and consistency: it took the character of a resolve;" the result being the volume of "Poems, by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell," which, however, met with little favour. Charlotte's next venture was a novel, "The Professor" (Emily writing "Wuthering Heights," and Anne, "Agnes Grey"), and while it was passing slowly and heavily from publisher to publisher, not to be brought out after all till the writer had passed from earth, "Jane Eyre" was making progress. This was published in October, 1847, and took the public completely by storm. "Who is Currer Bell?" was the question that passed from mouth to mouth round the civilised world, and for a time found no solution, for few would have imagined a delicate lady of thirty, who had little experience of the world beyond the lonely old home on the bleak Yorkshire wolds was the author of so strikingly vigorous a work.

There was thus a gleam of sunshine, but sorrows were gradually closing in upon the home. The sister whom Charlotte so intensely loved, and whose virtues she ever extolled, Emily—the Ellis Bell of "Wuthering Heights"—died in 1848, followed, shortly afterwards, by her only brother; and yet a few months later, in 1849, by Anne, the youngest of the family, leaving Charlotte with her aged father amid the graves. Still, her hope never left her. "Shirley," begun soon after the appearance of "Jane Eyre," was published in the autumn of 1849; and "Villette," written in the intervals of sickness and mental depression, came out in 1852. In the spring of 1854, Charlotte was married to her father's curate, the Rev. A. Nicholls, who had long known and loved her; but she did not live long to enjoy her newly-acquired happiness, sinking into the grave, after serious illness, on the 31st of March, 1855.

The sisters, so united in life, lie side by side, and in the month of April, 1858, Mrs. Gaskell tells us, a neat mural tablet was erected within the Communion railing of the church at Haworth, to the memory of the members of the Brontë family.

The Blue Ribbon.

PART II.

HELEN DARRELL stood quite still for a few moments; then she turned and walked with a firm step up the garden-walk, through the hall and into the pleasant library, where her father sat reading in his easy-chair. She stood behind him, and drew his head backwards, looking into his eyes.

"Well, Lady Nell?"

"Papa, I am going to help nurse those sick people."

Mr. Darrell gave a start.

"Helen! Child! What are you thinking of?"

She put her soft hand over his lips.

"Not a word, little papa! I am your spoiled daughter, you know. You can't deny me anything—you have said so a thousand times."

"But, Helen, this is worse than folly—it is absolute insanity! What could *you* do?"

"A little, I hope; I wish I could do a great deal more, Papa, some of them are dying, and Dr. Lashley has gone away!"

"Gone away! and where?"

"To the beach—he is ill, he said, papa," she replied in a low tone, with her brown eyes clear and steady; "if mamma were alive she would have gone before this time. May I go?"

"My darling!" was his only reply, as he drew her down into his arms.

A few hours later, John Everdale, bending over poor Pat Regan, and trying to arouse him from the deep stupor into which he was constantly falling, looked up to see Helen Darrell standing at the door. His face grew very pale for an instant, but there was no other sign of surprise.

"Good afternoon, Miss Darrell," he said, with his bright smile transfiguring all his face. He did not say—"You here, Miss Darrell?" His whole manner seemed to recognise her right and pleasure to be there, and Helen felt that his very silence paid her a truer and more delicate compliment than Dr. Lashley's most elaborate period could ever have conveyed.

"Tell me what to do, John," she said, using the old familiar address of her childhood.

"I fear I shall make but a poor teacher," he answered; "but if you could take my place here I could go somewhere else where help is needed. Poor Mrs. Regan is trying to sleep a little. Patrick is very quiet, as you see; there is little to be done beyond keeping his lips moistened with this sponge—and pray don't let him sleep too heavily."

Helen sat down by the bedside, and John went out, but soon came back, saying, "You know where Mary Morrison lives, Miss Helen? The next cabin but one is hers. Her little child looks badly—head and hands burning hot. If you could help her get it into a warm bath, and show her what to do, it might throw off an attack."

Helen went gladly to do as she was bidden, and came back by-and-bye, laden with the blessings of the anxious mother, to report the child sleeping sweetly.

Wherever she went the praises of "Mr. Iverdale" were sounded in her ears, and she realised, as never before, how much confidence and courage a strong will, clear head, and warm heart may infuse into an ignorant and suffering community.

"I hope Dr. Lashley is not very ill?" John said, anxiously, as they parted for the night; and Helen felt her cheeks flush hotly as she answered, "He will soon be able to come back, I think."

That night a strong tempest tore down from the mountains, terrible in the hour of its strength and fury, but leaving the atmosphere cool and pure behind it. The sick, except such as were past recovery, began to mend under the favourable change, and fresh life and hope were astir in "New Dublin."

Those few days in which John Everdale stood side by side with Helen Darrell at the couch of the sick and dying had been days of deep suffering as well as of cheerful work for God and man. The old struggle in his heart was aroused in tenfold strength by the sight of her noble and untiring ministry—the very touch of her hand and sound of her voice had power to thrill him to the very depths of his nature.

A sudden summons to the sick bed of her father's only sister took Helen from her self-imposed task, and she left Shelbyville on the evening before Dr. Lashley, refreshed and invigorated, came back to his "work."

Helen herself returned in October, on the first day of the County Agricultural Fair at Shelbyville. If any one of her accomplishments could take precedence of another in her father's eyes it was her daring and graceful horsemanship, and to please him she consented, year by year, to enter the list of lady-riders on the closing day of the Fair.

"I am afraid Wisp will be in poor training, papa," said Helen, as they sat together in the porch, on the evening of her arrival at home. "And, by-the-way, have you found a mate for Racer yet?"

"No, unless John Everdale should sell me that grey of his. John is going to sell out his farm and leave—did I tell you? And sorry I am for it, too. There he is now! I'll call him in and ask him about the grey."

Between the gate and the house John Everdale steeled his nerves to meet Helen calmly, and achieved a brave success. If he had been less preoccupied with his own emotions he might have noticed an unaccustomed tremor in her voice.

"So you are going away?" she said, as her father went indoors for a moment.

"Yes, I am thinking of it," he answered. "I hear that a real city is being laid out at last on my Western—I had almost said my Spanish estates," he added, with a laugh that tried to be cheery, "and who knows of the fortune that may be stored for me in corner-lots? At any rate I'm going to look after my own interests on the ground."

"Why do you go away?"

He looked at her with all the hungry, hopeless yearning of his soul in his eyes. Sure enough! Why did he go away? Could he breathe the same air she breathed—be warmed in the same light that shone upon her, and yet——

Dr. Lashley's chaise stopped at the gate.

"Helen Darrell," said John, with a white heat smothered in his eyes, and the veins knotted on his forehead as if in some mortal pang, "I can not—*dare* not stay!"

It was not Dr. Lashley, but young Harris, who handed to Helen a note and a little packet, and then drove away again.

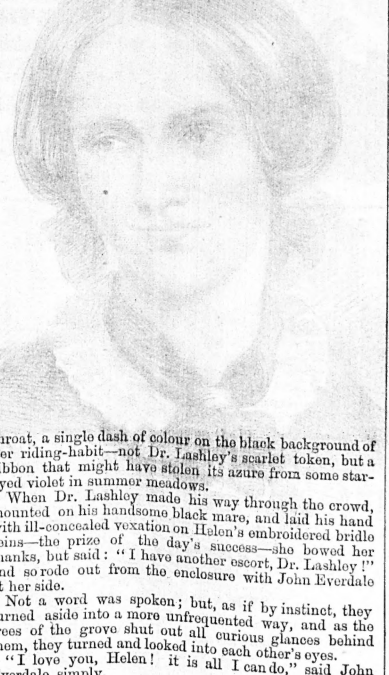
"What is it, Nell dear?" said Mr. Darrell, coming out.

"Only a note from Dr. Lashley," answered Helen, speaking rapidly. "He has but just heard that I am at home; would call to-night, but is sent for suddenly; will be at the Fair Grounds to-morrow, and hopes to see me wear the scarlet ribbon he sends me—his favourite colour!" Then turning, with a quick lowering of her voice, she said, "What is your colour, John?"

It seemed a cruel taunt, but all John's manliness and self-respect came to his aid as he answered, with a smile, "True blue, Miss Helen!"

The next morning dawned without a cloud. From far and near the country people crowded to the Fair Grounds. A great throng surged in and about the gaily-decorated booths, and in the cattle-yard the farmers were discussing the relative merits of Durham and Devonshire, Old English and Merino. At last the hour appointed for the riding arrived. The crowd arranged itself as best it might, surrounding the course, and the judges took their places on the stand.

John Everdale looked on wearily from a distance as the race commenced. Nearer and nearer came the graceful riders—a little girl in a green habit and plumed jockey taking the lead; but just as they passed him, rounding the curve, the grey Arab, Wisp, shot ahead with Helen Darrell. John's heart gave a wild leap and stood still; but it was not the matchless face, flushed and eager, that had thrilled him so. He had scarcely glanced at the figure holding its seat in the saddle with a pliant firmness wonderful to see. There streamed backward from her



throat, a single dash of colour on the black background of her riding-habit—not Dr. Lashley's scarlet token, but a ribbon that might have stolen its azure from some star-eyed violet in summer meadows.

When Dr. Lashley made his way through the crowd, mounted on his handsome black mare, and laid his hand with ill-concealed vexation on Helen's embroidered bridle reins—the prize of the day's success—she bowed her thanks, but said: "I have another escort, Dr. Lashley!" and so rode out from the enclosure with John Everdale at her side.

Not a word was spoken; but, as if by instinct, they turned aside into a more unfrequented way, and as the trees of the grove shut out all curious glances behind them, they turned and looked into each other's eyes.

"I love you, Helen! it is all I can do," said John Everdale, simply.

A bright blush spread over Helen Darrell's upturned face. She touched Wisp quickly with her riding-whip, and has John looked after her wonderingly, backward on the breeze came the refrain of an old ballad:—

And I've no heart to give him,
For he has it now!

THE END.

KLOPSTOCK, the German poet, engraved on the tombstone of his wife two sheaves of wheat, thrown as it were carelessly together, with the words: "We shall ripen in heaven."

PROFESSOR STOLTZ, of Strasbourg, has for forty years kept a register of the fate of the children who came under his notice in a maternity there to which the peasant women are admitted. Briefly, his results are the following:—Children nursed by their mothers—mortality before the thirteenth month, 20 per 100. Children farmed out in the suburbs—mortality before the thirteenth month, 87 per 100. These are very eloquent figures; and do something to explain the enormous massacre of the innocents in this country.

GIVEN, NOT LENT.

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a land
Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand,
With a single gold curl in the hand
Held up to be looked at by me,—

While you ask me to ponder and say
What a father and mother can do,
With the bright fellow locks put away
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay
Where the violets press nearer than you.

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak, woman's tears for relief?
Oh, children!—I never lost one.—
Yet my arm's round my own little son,
And Love knows the secret of Grief.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh:
—Nay there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I,—
And the thing which He gives, I deny
That He ever can take back again.

He gives what he gives. I appeal
To all who bare babes—in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent round us,—while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power,

And the babe cries!—has each of us known
By apocalypse (God being there
Full in nature) the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

He's ours and forever. Believe,
O father! O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give
Means with God not to tempt or deceive
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He lends not; but gives to the end,
As he loves to the end. If it seem
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather—amend,
And finish it up to your dream.

So look up, friends! you, who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the Heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are,—speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there.
Then courage. 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
To the safe place above us. Adieu!

The late MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE IN SINGING.—To produce a good note, the singer should be in an easy posture, with his head upright and his shoulders back, so as to allow the muscles of the chest and the larynx (that little box in the throat which we can feel with our fingers) to have free movement. His mouth should be moderately open. His tongue should lie down, just touching the roots of the lower teeth; and his lips should have the position most easily explained by referring to that of a gentle smile, but really expressing no smile, and giving no emotional expression. Some teachers require a small cork of the thickness of a little finger, or the little finger itself, to be placed between the back teeth during the earlier exercises. We have a friend who, to improve his voice for *speaking*, used to read aloud for half an hour before breakfast every morning with a *large* cork between his *front* teeth. Of course this did not cultivate his enunciation—his words were curiously pronounced—but it strengthened the larynx and lungs, and prevented his over-exertion of the throat, so that he could speak in public with the greatest ease, and without the slightest fatigue of voice, as we have had ample proof, nearly a whole day long.—*Cassell's New Popular Educator.*

A "BLUE-STOCKING CLUB."—A new society has been established in New York under the name of the "Blue-Stocking Club," composed exclusively of ladies of literary and artistic tastes and practices. The first meeting was held a few days since. Those set down as permanent members are Mrs. D. G. Croly (Jennie June), Mrs. James Parton (Fanny Fern), Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Calhoun, Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, Mrs. Ann S. Stevens, Misses Olivo Logan, Kate Field, Allen and Phœbe Cary, Amanda M. Douglass, Mrs. Henry Field, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, Mrs. Mary E. Dodge, Mrs. Eliza P. Ames, Mrs. Laura Leclair Phillips, Mrs. Ellett, Miss Mary L. Booth, Miss Dunning (Shirley Dare), Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Miss Clara Jennings, Mrs. Alfred Bierstadt, Miss Clara Louisa Kellogg, and a score of other artists in words, colours, marble, music, and histrionism. A number of honorary members out of town are proposed, as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, Mrs. Octavia Walton Lyvers, Miss Abigail Dodge (Gale Hamilton), Miss Augusta J. Evans, and many other ladies. It has been determined that for the better carrying out of the purpose the members shall meet once a month at a lunch at Delmonico's, and shall have such reunions at their own homes as may be found convenient.

JET.—Jet, like amber, is a substance concerning the origin of which more than one conjecture has been hazarded. Some writers confidently describe it as a species of coal; others, as fossil wood; and one ascribes its origin to the action of petroleum. It is found in Saxony and in the Prussian amber mines, and in this country in the upper lias shale in the vicinity of Whitby, and has been worked there for many hundred years. The best, according to the *Building News*, is obtained from a lower bed of the upper lias formation which is of an average thickness of about 20 feet, and is known as jet rock. "Soft jet," obtained from the upper bed of the lias, and from the sandstone above it, is an inferior kind. Both are found spread out between the laminations of the rock, in layers seldom more than one inch or two inches in thickness. Jet ornaments were made in England during the occupation of the Romans; and in mediæval times, when Whitby Abbey was a centre of religious life, jet rosaries and crosses were worn by the nuns. On the advent of Protestantism, however, at the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth, the manufacture ceased, and appears to have fallen into desuetude until the year 1800, when two working men commenced to make bead crosses and neckchains with files and knives. A stranger who visited Whitby noticed their rude attempts, and advised them to try and turn the material. They followed his advice with complete success, were joined speedily by several others, and since then the trade has steadily increased. The best ornaments are sent to London, the inferior ones being designed for the American market.

Leap-Year.

PART II.

VICTOR WESTWOOD had been a constant visitor at our house for years. When he was quite young my father had felt a great interest in him, and had helped him sometimes in his studies. I think we all missed him when he stayed away. Weeks and months passed on, and he never called. At first it was remarked, but after, as other things came up, my father said but little about him. I must confess that I missed him sorely. He had always been my very dear friend, ready for a game at chess, or an evening walk, or to make himself useful in any way. I missed his wise remarks and his sensible conversations. I missed the books and songs which he used to bring me, and most of all I missed the excitement —which had made up a good part of my life before—of noting the words and looks which had indicated that he did or did not love me.

Altogether the loss of my friend, although it might have been deserved, troubled me very greatly.

Time passed on, and still Mr. Westwood kept away from us, and, what was even more remarkable, we never met even in the streets. I had plenty to occupy my mind. I was invited to parties beyond number, and enjoyed them; but somehow I never went to one without hoping that *he* would be there. I used to get quite restless and eager, watching each fresh arrival with the greatest interest, and feeling vexingly disappointed at every fresh comer, until the hour at which people made their appearance had quite passed. Then I could settle down quietly, knowing it was no use looking for him, and give my attention to others. There was no lack of young gentlemen to help pass the time; and I had several offers in the course of a few months. But I was by no means happy. My life was so empty that it could not satisfy me. Living for pleasure alone is a most unsatisfactory mode of life after all. I grew sick of it; I wanted something better and holier, and more unselfish. I used to long for some definite purpose in life; I could not be satisfied with frivolity and mirth; and always when these better longings were with me my thoughts turned to Victor Westwood. He was a noble man, because he was a Christian. It would have done me good to talk with him, and the desire to do so was always present with me, but I had almost given up hoping to see him again, he kept so completely away from me.

At length I became unwell, not exactly ill, but in a weak, low state, that gave my friends great anxiety. Change of air was proposed, and they took me away to the seaside. But I grew worse instead of better; my spirits were all gone; I had no energy, and life itself had dwindled down into mere existence. I did not care to read or to walk, or do anything but lie on the sofa all day in a half-dreamy state.

They took me home again, and I could see that my father was really alarmed. It was no better at home than it had been away; I was no happier, and I found it just as difficult to rouse myself as it had been before. I could not understand it any more than my friends. I only knew that I was utterly ill and miserable, and cared for nothing.

At length something happened which quite awoke me from my stupor. I was lying on the sofa as usual, with closed eyes, and listless hands, and very weary heart, when I heard my father's step approaching the door. He made some commonplace remark, and then for the first time I was aware that he was not alone. His companion replied to him, and at the sound of that voice my heart was strangely stirred. It was Victor Westwood who stood at our very door. Had he then come at last? Should I see him, and hear him talk, and would the old days come back again? I sprang from the sofa, trembling with excitement and expectation, and almost the next instant my father entered alone. He looked at my burning face in astonishment.

"Gertrude, what is the matter?"

"Oh, papa, where is he? Have you not brought him in after all? Oh, he has surely not gone away without speaking to me!"

"Of whom are you talking, child?"

"Mr. Westwood. He came to the door with you, I know, because I heard him; and I want to see him, he is cruel to stay away. Call him back, father!"

My father put his arm round me, and led me back to the sofa.

"This excitement will hurt you," he said. "I cannot understand it. Surely, Gertrude, you do not *care* for Westwood?"

The words seemed to sting me. I felt the blood rush up to my face, and could scarcely speak.

"Not in the way you mean," I said; "but I—I like him; he is such a good man, I want him to talk to me."

"Well, my dear, if he knew that I am sure he would come. He is in a hurry now to catch the train, but I will bring him to see you this evening."

When I was left alone my father's words came back to me, and I felt startled. Did I, indeed, *love* Westwood, after all? I angrily denied it, and yet—how I had longed for him all this time, how certain I felt that he, and only he, could do me good and make life worth having! I thought, with a thrill of rapture, how good it would be to belong to him in some way, so that he might never go away from me any more. But I had rejected him, and had assured me that he would never again trouble me on *that* subject, so there was little probability that he would speak to me of love. All that was over. I had pushed away from my lips the cup of joy which was held out to me, and now it was too late. Still it would be something to see him. Something? I forgot all about sickness and weariness, I even forgot myself in that hope. My father kept his word. That evening he brought Mr. Westwood. I was almost faint with excitement as the time drew near, and when at last he stood before me and held out his strong hand in just the old kind way, I looked at him

With eyes that utter gladness rendered dim,

and felt as if I could have implored him not to leave me again. His voice had a touch of the old tenderness in it still, and he looked at me with those dark grey eyes until I could scarcely bear it.

"I am sorry to see you looking so altered and ill," he said (my cheeks must have been scarlet, I am sure). "Perhaps as the spring comes you will be better. You must take some walks; the country around will soon be looking beautiful. And really the sun has been quite warm to-day, more like May than February."

"Is not February gone yet? What a long month it has been," I said.

"It is nearly gone, though," he replied. "This is the last day—the twenty-ninth."

"Ah, to be sure—so it is," said my father. "Did you know it was leap-year, Gerty?"

"No, I did not," I replied.

"Well, it is; so if there is any gentleman you wish to propose to, now is the time you know. Make the most of your opportunity."

We all laughed at the idea, and Mr. Westwood remarked—

"If all that rumour says be true, Miss Pressley will never be reduced to that necessity. There are plenty of 'eligibles' who would only be too glad to sue for her heart and hand."

He spoke merrily enough, with a smile on his face all the time; but I detected a little faltering in that brave voice, which was the sweetest music to me.

My father adroitly changed the conversation from the very disagreeable topic of my so-called conquests, and we spent an evening which I shall never forget.

It was quite late before he rose to go. He had said not a single word of love the whole evening. I am almost ashamed to confess it, but I wished he would. I felt, indeed, as if I could not let him go, and take all the light and joy away with him unless he left me something to live upon after. You will say that I was wrong, and immodest, and all the rest of it, and, indeed, I am sorry to feel that something I have told or have to tell you is not at all likely to make you respect me. Well, it is only what I deserve. But is there no excuse for people of strong impulses? Mine that night were quite too strong for me.

He bade me good night, hoping that I should soon be better, and asking if, in the capacity of an old friend, he might call again before very long, and then he turned to go.

"Mr. Westwood! Victor!"

It was scarcely louder than a whisper, but he heard it, stopped, and came towards me.

I dare not look at him, and my heart beat so fast that at first the words would not come; but he waited patiently.

"Mr. Westwood, I wish you would say one little word to me before you go."

"What word?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Oh, I cannot tell you," I said, under my breath; "and perhaps you cannot say it now, but it is what you said to me once in the garden when I would not listen."

He did not speak. The silence was something terrible to bear, and it seemed as if it would never cease. The hot tears came into my eyes. I had, then, been mistaken after all, and he no longer cared for me. I was covered with shame and confusion. What must he think of my miserable vanity and presumption? It was hard to bear, but I deserved it all, and it was evident that now I had forfeited, by my indelicacy, even the right to claim his friendship.

Mad with rage, and shame, and disappointment, I tried to escape from the room, but he stopped me.

"Gertrude, do you mean it? Do you really care for me? Oh, my darling! whom I have loved, and love still, so deeply, will you indeed be mine?" and as he spoke he held out his arms, and I crept into them.

My friends tell me that I might have "made a better match," but that is because they do not know my Victor as I do. He is a sad tease, though, and often reminds me that I proposed to him. But, as I tell him, it did not matter so very much, because it was leap-year.

THE END.

F. M., in Happy Hours.

THE BEES ARE ABOUT THE HIVE AGAIN.

(*For Music.*)

Come out, come out, the Birds are about,
The golden Finch, and the crested Wren,
The Swallow, too, to the season true,
The Nightingale in the bushy glen.
The ceaseless hum of the Springtide come
Revives, and joins with the songbird's strain;
The signs are given of a peace with heaven,
For the bees are about the hive again.

Now is the wind like to thee, love! kind;
Now is the rose like to thee, love! fair;
Thoughts I could bring from the charms of Spring,
But 'tis to the Bees I'd thee compare.
Blithe is the Bee in its industry,
Honest its labour, and sweet its gain,
Gath'ring a store, ere the wild winds roar,
To light up the life of its dark domain.

Thou art to me the sweet honey Bee,
Hived in my heart as the only queen,
Who ne'er doth bring the envenom'd sting,
Dear to her subject, and lovely seen.
Come out, come out, the Birds are about,
The breeze blows soft from the brighten'd main;
We'll cull the flow'rs of our life's brief hours,
Now the Bees are about the hive again.

PETER SPENSER.

AT Milan about 250 men are employed in the manufacture of combs, made of ivory, tortoiseshell, and other material; 4,000 horns are used per week—that is to say, 208,000 horns yearly. The total value of the production is estimated at £20,000. The principal part of the raw material is purchased in the country, but some is obtained from South America. The refuse of the manufacture, such as the tips of the horns and the scrapings, are used by turners, and also are employed for manure for the cultivation of olives and oranges.

A Wreath of Spring Wild Flowers.

BY HELEN E. WATNEY.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love, felt everywhere!
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast,
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.—SHELLEY.

SHELLEY has exquisitely described the flowers that deck our gardens and fields in spring. I feel loath, after reading his beautiful lines, to attempt a prose picture of the few "wildlings" I had gathered for my wreath, so very plain and commonplace will, I am sure, the description read while his verses are lingering in my brain; but as my readers may not, perchance, criticise my sketch by such a standard, I will do my best.

I commence with the Anemone, or Wind Flower. This blossom is essentially a March one, nevertheless, as I am writing on the 2nd of April, and they are blooming in full beauty around me, it shall have the place of honour in my wreath. There are several species of anemone: the A. nemorosa, the A. pulsatilla, the A. Ranunculoides, and the A. Apennina, or blue mountain anemone, all belong to the same genus; although I believe the pasque-flower and the blue mountain anemone cannot, strictly speaking, be called natives of England.

Next to the Wind Flower let me place the Blue Violet. I love violets for themselves, independently of the various poetical associations connected with them. Shakespeare's allusions to this flower would alone have been sufficient to have immortalised it. The sweet violet, Viola odorata, is cultivated extensively in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon for the sake of its petals. Probably this was the case in the days of the bard; and his beautiful lines in the "Winter's Tale," and "Twelfth Night," were doubtless suggested by the flower immediately before him. We have eight indigenous kinds of violets. That floral deception, the dog violet, E. canina, is one of them. Its flowers are scentless, its colour is its only charm, and that it loses if exposed to the sun. How can people eat violets? Of course, we know that they are the fabled food of Io, but I now allude to the present modern fashion—the new dish, violets and cream, is, I am told, the geatest novelty of our London season.

I think a little green will be desirable in my wreath, and the Sweet Briar, of which it is written:—

The breeze of spring, the summer's western wind,
Robs of its odours not a sweeter flower
In all the blooming waste it leaves behind
Than that the sweet briar yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in Beauty's bower
One half so lovely,

seems the most appropriate. It has just come into leaf, and the air, after a shower, is scented with its perfume.

Close to the Eglantine, as this briar is often called, I place the Lily of the Valley. It rarely flowers in an uncultivated state before May, but its "tender green" leaves are very lovely, even when unlightened by its "tremulous bells." It grows wild in Gloucestershire, and, I believe, in some parts of Bedfordshire. The Via Gilia (The Way of Lilies), about a quarter of a mile to the south of Matlock Bath, is their favourite haunt. They line the sides of the valley, and the beautiful winding river, with its fringe of golden and purple iris contributes to the loveliness of the scene.

I must not forget the Wild Strawberry, Fragaria vesca. Most botanical books give May as the time of its flowering, but I found it in blossom on Saturday. It is rather singular that the ancients should have said so little about this delicious plant. Modern writers, however, have amply atoned for the neglect, and many of the fine varieties of our garden strawberry have been obtained from the F. vesca.

The Wild Hyacinth is now in bloom. Many people confound this flower with the harebell, a very different blossom. Its thick stem would alone tell one that it was not the flower alluded to by Scott when he wrote:—

E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.

The true harebell is the Companula rotundifolia.

And now with the Primrose, I think I must complete my wreath. The hedges in the part of Hampshire, in which I write, are positively studied with them. Much as I like them, they do not occupy the same place in my affections that their cousins the Cowslips do.

When I first read Shakespeare, long before I could appreciate, or half understand the beauty of his writings, I firmly believed that fairies couched "in a cowslip's bell," and quite envied their queen "her pensioners, in their gold coats," decked with fairy favours.

April is rich in many other wild flowers besides the ones I have spoken of; but my wreath is finished, and should it be fortunate enough to find a place in THE LADY'S OWN, I may perhaps be encouraged to weave another garland.

YOUNG MEN WHO ARE JILTED.—If a young man, to use the common parlance, gets "jilted," we advise him not to waste too many lamentations over his bad luck, but to enter the lists again. A girl who trifles with the sincere homage of an honest heart may be very attractive and fascinating, but she will hardly be likely to make a good wife, and we counsel her masculine friends to give her a wide berth. Because you have been deceived once, it does not necessarily follow there is no more truth or honesty in the world. Put a little philosophical salve on your wounds and try again. And instead of grumbling over your little bit of adversity, thank your stars that you were aroused from the delusive dream before it was too late, even though the waking might have been a little rougher than was altogether pleasant. There are plenty of nice girls left, and your chance is quite as good as it was before. A distinguished divine of the present day asserts that it is necessary for a young man to make just so many "false starts" in life before he may fairly be said to have begun the world, and the same rule may hold good in love and courtship. At all events no nature is any way the worse for having passed such an ordeal as this, unless it may be those peculiar temperaments that grow sour and acrid in the blasting winds of adversity—old bachelors pre-ordained. For such we fear there is no hope.—*Mrs. Willis.*

Recollections of the Paris Exhibition.

THE COSTUMES, &c., OF VARIOUS NATIONS.

PART VII.

LITTLE more remains for us to do. Yet in concluding these Recollections, we should like to lay before our readers illustrations of the more striking objects of art and industry that the great World Fair brought together. Let us first peep at the jewels.

To attempt to give by mere letter-press description any notion of the dazzling brilliancy of the contents of the cases bearing the names of the leading English and Continental jewellers, would be to fail most signally; and we therefore prefer to select, for illustration, three specimens



PENDANT, ROUVENAT.

exhibited by well-known houses, and let our readers judge for themselves as to their merit.

The exhibition of bronzes, and the new and cheaper creation, galvanised zinc, or artistic bronze as it is euphoniously called, was very fine, and if our space permitted we might give many illustrations in support of this statement. As it is, however, the difficulty is to know what to select amongst so much that is excellent. We choose two specimens, a lamp-bearer and a fountain.

Our allotted space is exhausted, yet we cannot close these slight sketches without giving one specimen from the department dedicated to the Fine Arts. These were divided between the central garden, which contained the greater part of the statuary, and the last gallery but one,



THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, BY DUBRAY.

where the pictures were exhibited. Entering the garden, the visitor found first of all a statue of Carrara marble by Dubray, representing the Empress Josephine, who seemed placed there to preside over the arts of which she was so fond, and with an illustration of that noble figure we will conclude our notice of what proved, despite its faults, the most brilliant, the most complete, the most original of all the International Exhibitions that have yet been held.

THE END.

It is understood that Mr. Charles Dickens has netted from £40,000 to £50,000 by his readings in America.

Essays and Sketches.

LARGE FAMILIES.

THE *Imperial Review* has been having a fling on behalf of "large families," and the teaching is so opposed to that of certain *soi disant* philosophers and smart writers, that we cannot but refer to it here.

We are vastly mistaken, says the writer, if a much greater amount of happiness is not found in large families than in small ones. "The more the merrier," is an aphorism far more justly applicable to domestic than to social life. Theoretically, one would scarcely expect that a number of entire or comparative strangers would be made more friendly or genial simply by being numerically multiplied; and experience fully corroborates this negative expectation. We all know, to our cost, how a big dinner means, not only a bad dinner, but a dull dinner; and in comparing one's reminiscences of the amount of pleasure derived respectively from a crowded ball in London and a little dance got up on the spur of the moment in a country house, one would not hesitate for a moment to award the palm to the latter. But society and the family are two very different things, and stand upon quite distinct footings. It is not often that families are so outrageously large that their number violates the conditions of an agreeable dinner-party, or that they must positively be sent to supper in consecutive batches. We are not considering such extreme cases as that of the Contessa Frescobaldi, whose full-length portrait may be seen, both in the family palace of that name in Florence, and in the Villa of San Donato, belonging to Prince Demidoff, about a couple of miles out of the Beautiful City. An inscription at the foot of the frame, gravely—though usually with the result of upsetting gravity—informs people that this worthy lady, according to Napoleon's definition, the greatest woman we should think that ever existed, had *cinquanta-due figliuoli*, no



PENDANT, FROMENT-MEURICE.

less than fifty-two children. This is an exceptional case, with which we refuse to have anything to do, being happy to think that another such great woman as that can be produced again upon earth like Shakespeare, only after the lapse of æons.

An Irish lady, whose name is well known—one member of the family which she did so much to multiply having recently been the victim of a brutal outrage—bade fair to rival the Florentine countess; but she ended by scoring only thirty-two, as against the fifty-two of her predecessor. But even her case is abnormal; and we will concede that even a Celtic heart might prove incapable of feeling real fraternal affection for his fifteenth brother or his sixteenth sister. *Est modus in rebus;* there is reason in the hatching no less than in the roasting of eggs. The only possible use to which we can conceive such a number of children as that being put, would be to make them take the place of the beads threaded on wire by means of which the youthful mind is sometimes indoctrinated in the awful mysteries of simple arithmetic, and thus subserve the purpose of completing each other's education. The rules of subtraction and division might thus be economically and conveniently inculcated in the bosom of the family; multiplication, it will probably be thought, having been sufficiently illustrated already.

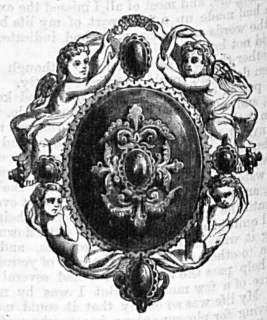
The consideration of these *lusus naturæ* has led us away for a moment from the real topic in hand, and we can only revert to our assertion, that what is commonly understood by a large family, far from being a misfortune, is a blessing to everybody concerned, society included. The mother will perhaps be objected to as scarcely a fair witness; and did our case rest wholly upon maternal testimony, we should hesitate to come into court with it. Nevertheless, let it stand for what it is worth. Prejudiced as she may be, even a mother's feelings cannot be wholly overlooked. What they are nearly everybody knows. Saint Evremond says that the last sighs of a woman are for her beauty. It may be so; but her penultimate ones are unquestionably for her babies. Babies are to her the golden sands in the hour-glass; and she may laugh at Time as long as a succession of inarticulate cries ceases not to assure her that to her still belongs the living present.

But other considerations, more sentimental than selfish, likewise enter into her joy; and innocent as she may be of Virgil, she is keenly alive to her share of the tender rapture expressed in that untranslatably lovely line of his—

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

And even though—no matter how many her successive delights may have been—these simplest but deepest joys must cease, the maternal heart is happily foolish enough to be able to reap pleasurable excitement from considering the breadth of pinafores, or deciding on the thickness of boots. For all of which things, the cynical critic will observe, the husband must pay. He must and does. If there be any difficulty in the matter, whose wings is it that usually get clipped? The mother's, from whom the carriage is taken, or to whom the trip to the seaside is denied; and if she is satisfied, as we have seen she is, with the bargain, it is nobody's business to complain.

As for the children themselves, they hail each new comer with delight, and their instincts do not in this



BROOCH, WEISE.

instance lead them astray. The time comes when every fresh helpless mite added to the family becomes a stalwart playfellow. A large family is a host in itself. Its members are never dependent for amusements upon strangers. They are always numerous enough to be able to organise their own games. Winter or summer, it is the same. What can be more miserable than for two lads to have to play cricket without a long-stop, or to have to press some shrinking little sister, with her extended apron, into the service? She has to be coaxed, bribed, or bullied into



LAMPBEARER, DURENNE. FOUNTAIN, BARBEZAT.

the operation; and the cruel sport generally ends by a flood of tears on the part of the tiny female mercenary. Let there be but plenty of boys, and plenty of girls, and there can never be any lack of fun—masculine fun and feminine fun—astir. They quarrel, it will be said. Of course they do; and herein lies another tremendous advantage of a large family as against a small one. Their interests are so many, and from moment to moment so various, that they are everlastingly clashing. What better preparation could there be for life? They thrash and are thrashed, snub and are snubbed, contradict and are contradicted, till it gets thoroughly well impressed on the mind of each one early on in existence, that he is not the only individual in the world before whom everything

must bow and give way. The domestic circle becomes thus a miniature public school, in which all its advantages are acquired.

GOOD SOUP.

DR. LETHEBY, the well-known analytical chemist and author of many standard works, in his lectures on Food, publishing in a medical contemporary, makes some remarks on the preparation of soup, that deserve to find wide circulation. Experience teaches us that much ignorance prevails, even with otherwise well-informed housewives, as to the way to prepare a really nutritious and economical soup, and what is of more importance than this in the sick chamber?

In making soup, says Dr. Letheby, the object is to extract, as completely as possible, all the soluble constituents of the meat or bone, and when the latter is used it should be chopped or broken into small pieces, and boiled for a considerable time—not less than nine or ten hours. Shin bones will then yield about 19 per cent. of their weight of fat and gelatine—the soup being, according to Dr. E. Smith, very nutritious, so that 6lb. of bones will produce a soup that contains the nutritive power of 2lb. of meat, as far as carbon is concerned, and of 1lb. of meat in respect of nitrogen; but although this may be so as regards the actual quantities of carbonaceous and nitrogenous matters present, yet it is very doubtful whether they are equally nutritious, for in the renowned experiments of the French gelatine commission, it was found that the soup or jelly from boiled bones would not support the life of dogs, although raw bones, in like proportion, would.

Ox-tail soup is much richer than that from bones alone, as it contains the saline and other constituents of flesh. It is now a favourite and rather expensive soup, although, at one time, it was the humble fare and almost the only nitrogenous food of the poor Protestant French refugees of Clerkenwell. Prior to the year 1689, or thereabout, the butchers of London left the tails attached to the hides, which were sent to the tanners of Bermondsey, but the poor French refugees, in their extremity of want, bought the tails for a mere trifle, and converted them into soup, which was soon found to be of excellent quality.

Soup made from meat should be obtained in the way already described—that is, a given weight of meat, chopped fine, should be allowed to macerate in its own weight of cold water, and should then be gradually heated to the boiling point, after which it should be strained and pressed. In this way about 3 per cent. of the nutritious matter of the meat is dissolved, besides the saline constituents. If the soup be simmered with the meat for some hours, a larger proportion of organic matter, chiefly gelatine, will be dissolved; and a good soup thus made from shin of beef will contain about 600 grains of solid matter in a pint, and of this about 39 grains are saline.

Lean meat contains about 25 per cent. of solid matter, the rest being water, and of this from 7 to 10 parts are soluble in cold water; rather more than half of this is albumen and myochrome (colouring matter), which are coagulated by heat, and thus if the cold solution of flesh be boiled, it contains only from 3 to 4 per cent. of the meat; and when evaporated to dryness it constitutes the *extractum carnis* of Liebig. It can hardly be said, however, that the nutritive power of this extract is very great, for its chief constituents are certain acids, lactic and inosic, with inosite, creatine, creatinine, and an indefinite colloidal organic substance of a brown colour and syrupy consistence, besides which it contains the soluble saline matters of the meat, as phosphate and chloride of potassium, with a little chloride of sodium. Analyses of this extract, as found in commerce, have furnished from 41 to 60 per cent. of water, from 22 to 41 per cent. of organic matter, and from 8 to 16 per cent. of saline matter. The extract is always acid, from the presence of lactic and inosic acids; and it should be of a pale yellowish brown colour, with an agreeable meat-like odour and taste. It should also be perfectly soluble in cold water, and should not contain albumen, fat, or gelatine.

False views have been entertained of the nutritive power of this extract, for as one pound of it represents the soluble constituents of from 30 to 34lb. of lean meat, or from 45 to 48lb. of ordinary butcher's meat, it has been assumed that its nutritive power is in this proportion; but Liebig has taken care to correct this error, by showing that the extract, when properly prepared, merely represents the soup or beef-tea obtainable from that quantity of meat; and as it is deficient in albumen, it must be conjoined to substances which are rich in this material, as beans and peas. No doubt the physiological action of the extract is due to the alkaloids and acids which it contains; and as the former of these are somewhat like the alkaloids of tea and coffee (theine or caffeine) in their effects upon the body, it must be concluded that extract of meat is more of a vital restorative than a nutritious food. It is from this point of view that Parmentier, Proust, and even Liebig himself are disposed to regard the physiological effects of the preparations. "In the supplies of a body of troops," says Parmentier, "extract of meat would offer to the severely-wounded soldier a means of invigoration which, with a little wine, would instantly restore his powers, exhausted by great loss of blood, and enable him to bear being transported to the nearest field hospital"; and in almost the same language Proust remarks that "We cannot imagine a more fortunate preparation under these circumstances; for what more invigorating remedy, what more powerfully-acting panacea than a portion of genuine extract of meat dissolved in a glass of noble wine?"

As in the case of soup and beef-tea, its nutritive power must be assisted by vegetables and other substances which are rich in nitrogenous matters. Conjoined, therefore, with wheaten flour, with peas or lentils, or even with the gluten obtained in the manufacture of starch by Durand's process, it may be made to have the nutritive power of meat. Already there is a preparation of it by Messrs. Peek, Frean, and Co. in which the extract is mixed with baked flour and pressed into small biscuits; indeed, as far back as the year 1851, Mr. Borden, jun., obtained a patent for combining extract of meat with flour, farina, or meal, and baking it in the form of biscuits. In this manner, by using the extract of 5lb. of meat with 11b. of flour, he produced biscuits which contained 32 per cent. of nitrogenous matter, and 1oz. of the biscuit grated into a pint of water, then boiled and flavoured, made a good soup. In the case of Liebig's extract of meat, 1lb. of the preparation is sufficient, with the usual rations of potatoes and other vegetables, to make soup for 130 men; and a strong broth is made by dissolving a teaspoonful of it (about 150 grains) in half a pint of boiling water, and flavouring with salt and pepper.

A still more nutritious broth, containing the albumen of the meat is obtained by infusing a third of a pound of minced meat in 14oz. of cold soft water, to which a few drops (4 or 5) of muriatic acid, and a little salt (from 10 to 18 grains) have been added. After digesting for an hour or so, it should be strained through a sieve and the residue worked with 5oz. of water and pressed.

The mixed liquids thus obtained will furnish about a pint of cold extract of meat containing the whole of the soluble constituents of the meat (albumen, creatine, creatinine, &c), and it may be drank cold, or slightly warmed—the temperature not being raised above 100 deg. Fah., for fear of coagulating the albumen.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will of Mrs. Louisa Houstoun Douglas, relict of the Rev. Alexander Houstoun Douglas, late of Eton-square, was proved in the London Court, under £100,000 personalty, by Rear-Admiral Wallace Houstoun and Frederick John Blake, Esq., the joint acting executors and trustees. The will is dated Aug. 21, 1856, and a codicil Oct. 23, 1867; and the testatrix died March 12 last. She bequeaths to her niece Louisa, who was living with her, all her diamonds, books, pictures, &c., absolutely; and bequeaths all her other jewellery and ornaments of the person between her said niece Louisa and her other nieces. There are numerous specific and pecuniary bequests to her personal friends, and legacies to her servants. The plate she leaves to Alexander Houstoun. Her freeholds and the residue of her personal property she bequeaths to Admiral Wallace Houstoun, son of Sir Robert Houstoun, K.C.B.

The will of Baron de Totsier was proved in London under £80,000 personalty in England.

The will of Baron Marochetti (Pietro Carlo Giovanni Battista) was proved in the London Court under £9,000 personalty in England.

The will of the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, M.A., late of 21, Norfolk-street, Park-lane, Hyde-park, and of Lausanne, in Switzerland, was proved in the London Court by Miss Angela Georgina Burdett Coutts, of Stratton-street, Piccadilly, and the Rev. Thomas Helmore, master of Her Majesty's choir at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the joint acting executors and trustees; Charles Dickens, Esq., of Gadshill Place, Kent, is appointed literary executor. The personalty in England was sworn under £16,000. The will is dated August 6, 1863, and the testator died Feb. 25th, 1868. He bequeaths to Charles Dickens a legacy of £2,000, and begs of him to publish, without alteration, so much of his notes and reflections as may make known his opinion on religious matters, which he verily believes would be conducive to the happiness of mankind; for which purpose he bequeaths to him his manuscripts, correspondence, and private letters and memoranda. To each of his executors he leaves £100 to purchase some memorial of him. To Her Majesty's Council of Education in the Department of Science and Art he leaves such of his pictures and water-colour drawings as the President may think proper to select; also his collection of Swiss coins, box of precious stones, box of cameos, and the ancient gold watch, formerly belonging to his father, which, being stolen by the celebrated Barrington, was the cause of his transportation. The rest of his pictures, curiosities, articles of antiquity or virtu he leaves to the Wisbech Museum. The gold watch usually worn by him he leaves to Miss Burdett Coutts; his other gold repeater he leaves to Charles Dickens. To his wife he leaves an annuity of £500 beyond all other provisions. There are several other annuities and legacies to friends. All bequests to be free of duty. The residue of his property, as may be applicable to charitable purposes, he leaves for the support of schools in or near London for education of the humblest and and simplest kind, under the visitation of the Bishop of London. The ultimate residue or surplus that may be remaining he leaves to the disposal of his executors.

The will of Charles Fraser, Esq., of 15, Lancaster-gate, formerly of 54, Upper Hyde-park-gardens, was proved in the London Court under £60,000. The executors and trustees appointed are the Rev. Simon James Gordon Fraser, of Forebridge, Staffordshire, the nephew; and Frederick Wickens Smith, Esq., of 63, Lincoln's-inn-fields. The will is dated Sept. 20, 1864; and a codicil May 11, 1866; and testator died Feb. 25, 1868. The testator bequeaths to the National Gallery twelve of his paintings in oil or water colours, as the trustees may select, from his collection, for the use of that institution, to be delivered up to the trustees upon the decease of his nephew, the Rev. Simon J. G. Fraser, in whose custody and keeping they are to remain during his life. The paintings by the testator's mother are to be held as heirlooms. He bequeaths to King's College Hospital and St. Mary's Hospital each a legacy of £100. He has left legacies to his sisters, nephews, and others of his family, and to servants. His freeholds and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said nephew, the Rev. Simon J. G. Fraser.

The wills of the undermentioned have been recently proved in the London Court—namely, Sir Samuel Edmund Falkiner, Bart., under £4,000 personalty; the Hon. Grace Anne Godsall, £4,000; Letitia Ciceley Lady Bowyer-Smyth, £5,000; and that of the Hon. Frances Hanbury-Tracy was proved, in the registry at Gloucester, under £20,000.

MARAVILLA COCOA.—Sole Proprietors, TAYLOR BROTHERS, London.—The Cocoa (or Cacao) of Maravilla is the true *Theobrama* of Linnæus. Cocoa is indigenous to South America, of which Maravilla is a favoured portion. Taylor Brothers having secured the exclusive supply of this unrivalled cocoa, have, by the skilful application of their soluble principle and elaborate machinery, produced what is so undeniably the perfection of prepared cocoa, that it has not only secured the preference of homœopaths and cocoa drinkers generally, but many who had hitherto not found any preparation to suit them, have, after one trial, adopted the Maravilla Cocoa as their constant beverage for breakfast, luncheon, &c. This cocoa, while possessing all the essential properties, far surpasses all other homœopathic cocoas, in fine grateful aroma, exquisitely delicious flavour, smoothness upon the palate, and perfect solubility. Sold in packets only, ¼lb., ½lb., and 1lb., by all grocers.

Cookery and Domestic Hints.

QUAKING PUDDING.—Time, two hours to boil; one to bake.—A large cupful of grated bread; six eggs; one dessertspoonful of rice flour; one quart of milk; peel of half a lemon.—Add to the grated bread six well-beaten eggs, and the spoonful of rice flour; stir them into a quart of milk. Add a teaspoonful of salt, and the peel of half a lemon, grated. Tie it in a well-floured pudding-cloth, and boil it for two hours. Or it may be baked in a buttered basin, then turned out, and served with wine sauce over it.

LAMB'S HEAD AND FRY.—Skin the head and split it, take out the tongue and brains, wash and clean it, and the liver, heart, and lights, and lay the whole to soak in boiling water for half an hour; then put on the head to boil—it will require a little more than three hours. While it is boiling take the fry and mince it very small, put it on to stew in a quart of veal broth; add some minced parsley, a little catsup, a spoonful of cream, a small piece of butter rolled in flour, and season with pepper and salt. When the head is sufficiently boiled brush it over with the yolk of an egg, sprinkle it with chopped herbs and bread crumbs, baste it with butter, and brown it in a Dutch oven or before the fire. Keep the mince hot while it is browning, then lay it in the dish with the head over, and garnish with the brains, and the tongue cut in half lengthways. They should be separately stewed in broth, and a little juice squeezed over the brains just before serving.

DEMI TORTUE CLAIRE A LA LITTLEDALE.—A correspondent thus writes to a contemporary:—I enclose a recipe for "Demi Tortue Claire a la Littledale," which is not to be found in any cookery book. I gave it to Grillion, who pronounced it worthy of a niche in the archives of the Haute Cuisine. When properly made it is as good as any turtle:—

Demi Tortue Claire à la Littledale.—Put a very fine fresh calf's head, with the skin on, into warm water, to discharge the blood; then boil it for two hours, and when cool cut the fat parts of the head which adhere to the skin into pieces, 1½in. square, and wash them well in several waters, to clear away the particles. Have ready a good beef stock, slightly flavoured with mushrooms and truffles, cayenne and salt; put the stock into a stewpan in which it is intended to make the soup, add sliced five carrots, five turnips, five large onions, two or three shallots, plenty of celery, a bundle of herbs of all sorts, two bay leaves, and a handful of parsley; three tablespoonfuls of Tarragon vinegar, one of soy, twelve cloves, twelve allspice, three bits of mace, and two or three slices of lean ham, chopped the size of dice; let the soup simmer over the fire for two hours, strain it through a tammy, put in the prepared pieces of head, boil all together, and add, when served in the tureen, one spoonful of brandy or two of white wine and lemon juice. At table have ready to hand round slices of lemon and cayenne.—N.B. Always flavour more from vegetables and herbs than from spices, and never fry anything for clear soup, nor use flour. In Liverpool clear turtle and clear soups are alone tolerated, in London turtle is spoilt by thickening it with flour.

SHELFORD PUDDING.—Well beat six eggs, and add them to one pound of suet, one pound of flour, three quarters of a pound of currants, carefully cleaned, a little salt, some sugar, grated lemon-peel, and a teacupful of milk. Mix it well and boil it in a pudding-shape for six hours. Serve with wine or brandy sauce.

RICE CHEESECAKES.—Take four ounces of rice, ground or whole, according to fancy, and boil it in milk till it is quite done, then put in half a pound of butter, half a pint of cream, six ounces of loaf-sugar pounded and sifted, a glass of brandy, and four eggs well beaten. Mix all well together, and put it into raised crusts, and bake them for a quarter of an hour. Observe, that all cheesecakes should be put into the oven as soon as they are made, otherwise they turn oily.

BRIGNETS DE PATISSERIE.—In making pastry there is often a small quantity over and above what is required: this may be rolled thin, cut into narrow strips or stamped into any form agreeable, then dipped into a little brandy, white sugar, and egg, and fried brown. Serve with sugar dusted over them. Small slices of cold paste or stale cake are likewise very good if dressed in the above manner, but the latter should be soaked some time before frying.

The Useful Corner.

COWSLIP WINE.—We have already given receipts for cowslip wine. The following is recommended for its simplicity. Take twelve pounds of sugar, the juice of six lemons, the whites of four eggs well beaten, and six gallons of water. Put all together in a kettle, and let it boil for half an hour, taking care to skim it well. Take a peck of cowslips and put them into a tub with the thin peeling of six lemons. Then pour the boiling liquor on them, and stir them about, and when it is almost cold put in a thin toast, baked hard, and rubbed with yeast. Let it stand two or three days to work. The third day strain it off, and squeeze the cowslips through a coarse cloth; then strain it through a flannel bag, and tun it up. (If you put in before you tun it six ounces of syrup of citron or lemon, and a quart of Rhenish wine, it will be a great addition). Leave the bung loose for two or three days till you are sure it has done working, and then bung it down tight. Let it stand three months, and then bottle it.

CREMM BRULEE.—Ten ounces of loaf sugar; peel of two lemons; one pint of cream; yolks of eight eggs; a little salt; half a pint of whipped cream; one ounce and a half of clarified isinglass.—Put two ounces of powdered sugar into a stewpan with the grated peel of two lemons; stir these with a wooden spoon over a slow fire until the sugar begins to assume a rather light brown colour; then pour in a pint of cream, and add eight ounces of sugar, the yolks of eight eggs, and a little salt. Stir the whole over a stove fire until the eggs are set, then strain the cream through a hair sieve into a large basin, and mix with it half a pint of whipped cream and one ounce and a half of clarified isinglass. Pour the cream into a mould embedded, if possible, in rough ice.

BOILED COLD SALAD.—Boil beetroot, Portugal onions, and celery in thick square slices, and allow to cool. When wanted have ready mixed one spoonful of salt, one of mustard well mixed, one of vinegar, half elder and half Tarragon, six drops of Chili vinegar, and stir all well together. It is an improvement to ice it. When celery is not in season, slices of turnip and carrot can be substituted.

OYSTER SAUCE A LA SIR JOHN BAYLEY.—Pound one small anchovy fine, chop up fine a score of bearded oysters, put the anchovy and oysters into a small saucepan, mix both together with sufficient cream to give it a pleasing consistency, heat it well over the fire, stirring it all the time, and then serve it on a round of buttered toast, baked crisp and crust cut off; serve it up hot in slices. Eat it in solemn silence and wash down with a glass of sherry. When oysters are out of season cockles or shrimps can be substituted.—*Communicated.*

High Life and General Gossip.

THE Prince Imperial of France received his first communion, about which there had been so much talk, in the Tuileries Chapel at half-past nine on Thursday morning, last week, and the event has been duly honoured in Paris. Communion was administered by the Archbishop of Paris, and not by the Bishop of Adras. The latter prelate only assisted at the ceremony and said the mass. The chapel was profusely ornamented with flowers and choice shrubs for the occasion. Scarcely anybody was present but the Imperial family and the members of the household, but these were almost enough to fill the chapel. When the Prince received the communion the corners of the cloth were held by Prince Joachim Murat, General Frossard, the Prince's tutor, the Bishop of Adras's principal chaplain, and the Abbé Mullois, one of the Emperor's chaplains. Prince Napoleon's two sons, Prince Napoleon Victor and Napoleon Louis, had places in the chapel. After the ceremony the Archbishop of Paris made another speech, at which the audience was much moved.

APROPOS of this, we may mention that a writer in a contemporary relates some facts about the heir to the crown of France that will be read with much interest. The Prince, it seems, is very small for his age, with his father's disproportionately short legs, so that he is seen to the greatest advantage on horseback. He has a gentle, thoughtful face; his forehead is small, and hair dark chestnut. You would not call him particularly handsome, but his eyes have all the exquisite sweetness which have made his mother one of the loveliest women in Europe. He has not a little grace of deportment added to much boyish frankness, which bespeaks a genial nature. He is not deficient in the sense of humour, and of the sweetness of his disposition there can be no doubt. Anyone who has seen him at Fontainebleau playing with his huge dog, will be convinced that fondness for animals is also one of the Prince's characteristics. The greatest attachment has long existed between the young Napoleon and one of his playmates, and an interesting anecdote is told of them when only six or seven years old. Some misunderstanding had arisen in their game, and in the excitement of their juvenile quarrel the Prince received a blow. But here the child bethought himself of the lessons carefully inculcated by his mother, and turning his earnest and thoughtful eye on his little companion, he said, "I cannot return it you, because you are a Frenchman, and I am the Prince Imperial of France." The children were duly separated and put in disgrace. When, next day, his pugnacious friend was brought by his father to apologise for having so far forgotten himself, the Prince, on seeing him, threw his arms round his neck, saying, "Ah, how unhappy I have been not to have seen you a whole day." There would seem to be a fair prospect of a kind and generous heart developing itself by the side of an admittedly precocious intelligence in him for whom Napoleon III. has chosen no other title than "the Child of France."

THE Emperor and Empress of the French paid their visit to Orleans on the 10th instant, when the distribution of prizes of the Concours Régional took place. Their Majesties were, on their arrival (about one o'clock) at the railway station, received by M. Vignat, the mayor of the city, and M. Dureau, the prefect of the department of the Loiret, attended respectively by an official staff. From the station to the cathedral the *cortége* proceeded by the boulevards, the Rue Bannier, Place Martori, Rue Royale, and Rue Jeanne d'Arc. At the entrance to the Rue Bannier from the Boulevard it passed under a triumphal arch. The Place Martroi, which in its ordinary state is a spacious paved square, was for the occasion transformed into a garden adorned with green turf and exquisite flowers. The fountains, the banners, and the decorated equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc gave a striking and very animated aspect to this improvised garden. The whole line of streets through which the procession passed was tastefully and profusely decorated with flags and banners. Their Majesties alighted at the grand entrance to the cathedral, where they were received by the bishop in his full episcopal dress and ornaments. After a few words of greeting on each side their Majesties entered the cathedral, and slowly walked up the great nave to the sanctuary, where they kneeled at a throne prepared for them. The *cortége* retraced its steps to the top of the Rue Bannier, where the Emperor and Empress, attended by their suite and the Prefect of the Loiret, entered on foot the agricultural show. The Emperor was dressed in plain morning dress. The red silk riband crossed his white waistcoat. The Empress was—as she always is—beautiful and gracious. She wore a roan-coloured satin dress, looped up very high, and showing about half a yard of a white and roan striped petticoat. Her bonnet was of the same material as her dress, with roan and black feathers. A dark green parasol completed her costume.

THE British Embassy at Paris is at present occupied in the solution of a very delicate question. When Lord Lyons was at Washington, he was introduced to a very handsome lady, Mdlle. T—— G——, whose mother was a Spaniard, and father a Frenchman, but a naturalised American citizen residing near New Orleans. As it was at the young lady's request the first introduction took place, Lord Lyons was very polite towards her. Time rolled on; his Lordship went to Paris, and the young lady went to St. Petersburg. The rumoured marriage of Lord Lyons with the widow of a noble brother *diplomat* brought his admirer from St. Petersburg. She sends daily invitations to his Lordship to join her dinner parties, to come to her balls—she presents him with costly gifts, that are immediately returned. Being rich, well connected, and witty, she has the *entree* to every circle, and is sure to arrive as soon as his Lordship, about whose movements she is kept well informed. The French ladies humour the lady's whims, but the matter is becoming so annoying, that the first lady in France has promised to use her influence in the rescue of the hard-hearted ambassador from his fair tormentor.

BARONESS Nathaniel de Rothschild, who has recently removed to a splendid hotel, 33, Faubourg St. Honoré, near the Hotel Perière, gave a most enjoyable entertainment on the occasion of taking possession of her new resinence. Princess Metternich was present, and wore a magnificent toilette of white tulle with a tunic of white *gros grain*, embroidered with gold. Mdme. de Pourtales, whose headdress was a wreath of roses of different shades, made her appearance in a *short* white dress, ornamented with large *agrafes* of roses. Small bouquets of similar flowers decorated her white satin shoes, which were plainly visible, her skirts by no means touching the ground. It was at Mdme. de Rothschild's where it was decided that all the toilettes worn at Mdme. Pourtales' ball should be short. Mdme. de Gallifet wore for headdress, a wreath of campanulas of various shades, and long garlands of campanulas were carelessly arranged on her white tulle dress. One young lady wore the tunic of her dress looped up at one side with a large flat bouquet of corn flowers and daisies, almost as large as a basket of flowers. A thick and a round wreath of similar flowers formed her headdress.

THE following description of the condition of women in Cuba, extracted from an American magazine, is, we fear, but too painfully true:—"Women's relations in Cuba are very peculiar; they are absolute slaves to custom. They must never walk alone—not even attend church without a duenna—and by no means receive male visitors alone. And then, too, poor things! they are rarely or never educated; and I think, during my whole stay on the island, I never saw a Creole woman reading a book; yet, what with their fine eyes, graceful persons, small hands and feet, and a certain facility of small talk, they manage to interest and capivate the susceptible stranger. Their whole life is passed in listless idleness, varied occasionally by a ball, a stroll of an evening at the 'Retretta,' or, if able, an airing in the volante on the Paseo. They begin their day by going to early morning mass, after which they pass the time lolling in rocking chairs and fanning themselves, relieving the monotony, perhaps, by a 'siesta,' sucking an orange, or sipping a 'refresco'; when, the afternoon having arrived, they are taken possession of by their maids, their magnificent heads of hair elaborately 'coiffured,' and donning their robes, they are ready to ride upon the Paseo, do a little shopping, or, when darkness arrives, receive their 'caballeros' in the presence of the family, or, possibly, if it is 'Retretta' night, go up to the Plaza to hear the music and saunter round. Cleanliness, according to our ideas, is not with them a virtue; they seldom or never bathe, having a perfect horror of cold water, and an abhorrence of the constant bathing and scrubbing processes to which our women submit, their ablutions being confined to moistening their faces with the corner of a towel soaked in rum, after which is applied the universally used cosmetic, a powdered chalk made from egg shells."

AN anecdote illustrative of Mdlle. Nilsson's generosity and absence of affectation reaches us from Paris. The other day a concert was planned for the benefit of the destitute of Paris, by a committee of ladies. The success naturally depended on securing the services of a first-rate artist. One was applied to, who named her price as 5,000fr. (£200). "But how much will remain for our poor?" despairingly inquired the fair president. A petition was laid before Mdlle. Nilsson, whose reply was as follows:—"I was born of poor parents. I well remember their gratitude when in sickness or trouble they received help. I am only too grateful if Providence allows me in turn to be the means of relieving others as poor as we were." Mdlle. Nilsson never sang more exquisitely, and certainly never won more sincere applause.

Marriages in High Life.

ON Saturday was solemnised the marriage of the Hon. Charles D. R. Hanbury-Tracy, M.P., brother of and heir-presumptive to Lord Sudeley, with Miss Ada Maria K. Tollemache, only daughter of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Tollemache. The ceremony was performed in the private chapel of Ham House, the father of the bride's residence at Petersham. The bridegroom, attended by his best man, Mr. Robert Duff, M.P., and other friends, assembled in the chapel shortly before twelve o'clock. The bride was attended to the altar by eight bridesmaids—namely, Miss Caroline Stewart Unwin, Miss Matilda Tollemache, Miss Hone Drummond Murray, Miss Tracy, Miss Hanbury, Honourable Madeleine Hanbury-Tracy, Miss Edith Forbes, and Miss Gertrude Peel. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a robe of white silk, exquisitely trimmed with Brussels lace, and a veil of Brussels lace with a wreath composed of orange blossoms and jessamine. The bridesmaids were attired in dresses of white tarlatan over pink silk slips, the dresses being looped up with bouquets of flowers. The Lord Bishop of Jamaica performed the religious rite, assisted by the Rev. Frederick Peel, brother-in-law of the bridegroom. Early in the afternoon the newly-wedded couple left Ham House for Wicken Park, near StoneyStratford, the seat of Lord and Lady Penrhyn.

We have to announce the marriage of Sir Richard Glyn, Bart., D.L., of Gaunt's House, Wimborne, and Lewesion House, Lewesion, to Miss Geraldine Fitzgerald. Previous to the ceremony, Sir Richard Glyn had received a rich silver salver from his tenantry and others in token of their respect for him as their landlord, and of their deep interest in his welfare. Between eleven and twelve the bridal party proceeded to the church, on foot, the path leading from the house being covered with matting and carpet for the occasion. The building was crowded by the numerous friends and relations of the families on both sides. The bride wore a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with Honiton point lace, Honiton lace veil, superb diamonds, cross and earrings, presented by the bridegroom, and a wreath of orange blossom. She carried a splendid bouquet, formed of white camellias, myrtle, lillies of the valley, orange blossom, maiden-hair fern, and other flowers, the bordering and colour blendings displaying great taste on the part of Mr. Hazel, gardener at Lewesion House. The bride was attended by the following young ladies, her cousins, as bridesmaids:—Miss Monck, Missea Louisa and Fanny Monck, and Miss Florence Wyndham. Two of the invited bridesmaids were most unexpectedly prevented from being present by a severe domestic affliction. The bridesmaids were dressed in white muslin, trimmed with blue satin, Marie Antoinette *fichus* to match, blue tulle bonnets and veils. Each carried a superb bouquet, made up of ferns, orchids, lilies of the valley, duetzia gracillis, &c. The bridesmaids also wore gold lockets, with the initials of the bride and bridegroom in blue and white enamel. Captain Robertson acted as "best man."

The Baron de Bliss, of Brandon Park, Suffolk, of Northcomb Hall, Devon, and of Berkeley House, Hyde-park-square, was married on Thursday, last week, to Catherine Eliza, daughter of the Rev. R. Baker, Rector of Friston with Snape, and Aldringham, Suffolk. The marriage took place at Friston Church; the nobility and gentry, friends of the parties, were invited, and between six and seven hundred persons were present in the church. The bride arrived about eleven o'clock, accompanied by her mother, and on alighting was received by her father, who conducted her to the altar. The bride wore a costly dress of white satin and long train, and rich Brussels lace veil.

The marriage of Sir Ivor Bertie Guest and Lady Cornelia Henrietta Churchill, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, will be solemnised in London on the 25th inst., after which they will proceed to Blenheim Palace, Oxon, to spend the honeymoon. Vast preparations are being made by the inhabitants of Woodstock and the Duke's tenantry to receive them when they arrive there; and in honour of the occasion the gardens will be opened, the Duke and Duchess will give a treat to the neighbouring school children, a holiday will be accorded to all employed by his Grace, and a grand display of fireworks will take place in front of the palace in the evening. A series of festivities, including select balls and other parties, to which many of the nobility will be invited, is intended to be held at the palace during the whole of the following week.

The marriage is arranged, for the first week in June, of Joseph Tinte, Esq., of Culleen, late 15th Regiment, and High Sheriff for the county of Westmeath, with Miss Boothby, daughter of the late James Boothby, Esq., of Twyford Abbey, Middlesex.

Musical, Literary, and Art Jottings.

PROFESSOR LONGFELLOW is writing another poem.

ASTLEY'S THEATRE is to be sold by public auction on the 19th inst.

A NEW work by the author of "Romola" will be published early in June. It is a poem of considerable length, and, we hear, dramatic in character. Its title is "The Spanish Gipsy."

THE father of Mdlle. Adelina Patti writes to say that the report of his daughter's marriage, which first appeared in the *Figaro*, is "totally untrue."

THE *Temps* says that the Chatélot Theatre, in Paris, is about to put in rehearsal a grand drama in five acts and twelve tableaux, entitled, "Theodorus King of Abyssinia."

THE Bishop of Natal has lately printed a translation into the Zulu language of the First Part of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which he has prepared for the use of the natives. He is proceeding with the remainder.

A PLASTER cast of the statue designed by Baron Marochetti for the Albert Memorial in Hyde-park, was lately put into its position in order to judge of the effect it would produce. The result was so unsatisfactory that the statue has been condemned as being unworthy of the shrine prepared to receive it.

MR. TENNYSON'S new poem (about which so many rumours have been current), published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is on the death of Lucretius, and is a magnificent piece of work, worthy of one who has written the "Idylls of the King."

ITALIAN OPERA is to be established this spring in Moscow, where the direction promises the engagement of Mdmes. Artôt and Ferlesi, the tenors Perding, Ambonetti, Filleborn, and the basses Padilla and Bossi. The conductor is M. Dupont, a brother of the pianoforte professor at the Brussels Conservatoire.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales will be present at the performance for the Dramatic Fund at the Haymarket Theatre, on the 5th of June. The hour will be 2 p.m. The comedy to be performed is Mr. Boucicault's "London Assurance," and the cast includes the names of Webster, Buckstone, Charles Mathews, Toole, Addison, Irving, Vincent, Montague, and Sothern; and Mrs. Keeley, Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Nelly Moore, and Mrs. Charles Mathews.

THE "Notes" upon the Royal Academy Exhibition, which Mr. Ruskin discontinued in 1859, are about to be resumed by Mr. Swinburne, the poet, and Mr. W. M. Rossetti, the writer on art.

THE Wandering Minstrels, Captain the Hon. J. Seymour Egerton conductor, gave a concert on the 5th inst. in the Hanover-square Rooms, for the benefit of the Royal School for Daughters of Officers of the Army.

A STATUE of the poet Bryant is to be placed in the new Central Park, New York. An energetic movement is being made to establish a Zoological Gardens in the same place.

MR. E. M. WARD has just finished three paintings for the corridors of the House of Lords. The subjects are "William and Mary receiving the Lords and Commons," "The Acquittal of the Seven Bishops," and "Monk declaring for a Free Parliament."

MDME. UGALDE, the well-known actress of the Porte St. Martin, has lost her daughter, a young lady of great beauty and promise, Mdlle. Violette Ugalde, who has died in her fifteenth year.

THE *Musical Standard* says a lady has arrived in London from Batavia who plays simultaneously on the piano two different airs with each hand at the same time, and likewise sings a fifth.

MDME. CARVALHO is singing in Brussels, and receives £80 for each performance. She has been permitted by the law courts in Paris to use her own earnings—that is, there is a "séparation des biens," so that her husband cannot take her salary to pay for his losses in opera speculations. M. Carvalho has given up the Lyrique, and will confine his opera doings to the Salle Ventadour, where performances will take place nightly now that the Italian opera season is closed.

MDLLE. TITIENS and other artists of Her Majesty's Opera appeared at the first Opera Concert of the series at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday, which was attended by 8,609 persons. The afternoon being fine, the promenade after the concert was particularly gay.—To-day (Saturday) Mdlle. Lucca, Signor Mario, and other artists of the Royal Italian Opera will take part in the concert.

ON April 15, the third anniversary of the death of President Lincoln, a monument surmounted by a statue of Mr. Lincoln, and erected in front of the Washington City Hall, was dedicated by President Johnson, in the presence of a vast assemblage of people.

IT is said that certain steps have been taken towards securing the site of the old Lyon's Inn in Newcastle-street, Strand, for the purpose of building a new metropolitan theatre. The locality is within a few yards of the Olympic.

THE article in the *Saturday Review*, "The Girl of the Period," has excited so much notice that it has been reprinted in a separate form by a Bristol publisher.

New Books.

THE SERIALS OF THE MONTH.

Our table is again groaning beneath the weight of the monthly magazines, which accumulate so fast that it is all but impossible for the reviewer who wishes to do anything like justice to their various merits to keep pace with them. However, we feel it our duty to take cognisance of the principal at all events, and our notices, if brief, shall be, so far as we are able to make them, to the point. *A buon intenditor poche parole.*

First on our list we will place *St. Pauls* (Virtue and Co.), No. VIII., for the substantial nature of its contents, no less than the high position attained in the literary world by its distinguished editor, Anthony Trollope. The May number is a very good one; though if we except the two serial stories "All for Greed" and Phineas Finn," the former of which is concluded with this part, it presents nothing of special interest to ladies. The articles on some "New Facts in the Biography of Raleigh," and "Anonymous Journalism" will be read with the greatest acceptance by the general public. The writer of the former convinces us how much we have yet to learn of that great historical character, and the writer of the latter puts in a vigorous plea for the present anonymous system.

Tinsley's Magazine (18, Catherine-street, Strand) keeps well up to the mark, the two leading novels by the editor and Dr. Russell respectively careering triumphantly. The "Adventures of Doctor Brady" are particularly full of adventure this month; and the "lady element," for which the magazine has become honourably distinguished, is strong in the general articles. Thus we have "At the Boat Race," some pretty lines, with a still prettier illustration, describing the hopes and fears of a fair young creature, who, mounted on a splendid steed, awaits with heaving bosom and moistened eyes the result of the great contest; and a short paper on the "Paris Fashions," accompanied by a coloured illustration. For the rest, we should mention that the "American" continues his "English Photographs," this month attacking, and not without reason, our hotels. But then, we English never thought them perfect; and so he tells us very little that we have not admitted long ago.

The *Victoria Magazine* (Emily Faithfull, Princess-street, W.) treats us to papers on "Our Feminine Respectability," that now nearly threadbare subject "Co-Operation," and "The Nightingale," in addition to other interesting matter.

The *Broadway* (Routledge and Sons) No. IX., gives us rather too much of "Brakespeare" this month to be to our taste; but the general articles are fairly varied, embracing "The American View of the Copyright Question," a sensible paper on "Encores," and another entitled "Art Critics Criticised," by W. W. Fenn, who makes here and there some very just remarks as to the inadequacy of art criticism as at present conducted in the daily journals, though, as a whole, the article is spoilt by his fierce, ill-natured denunciations and assumption of superior virtue and knowledge to the whole race of art critics. The concluding sentence of the article is so purely original that one is almost at a loss to pick out its meaning; the punctuation is certainly novel to a painful degree. *That* style, at all events, would not raise an art critic into favour. In a more pleasing vein are the following verses by Gerald Massey, with the simple heading:—

FOR MUSIC.

The summer days are ended;
The after-glow is gone;
The nights grow long and eerie;
The winds begin to moan;
The pleasant leaves are fading;
The bonny swallows flee;
Yet welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

No voice of bird now ripples
The air; no wood-walk rings;
But in my happy bosom
The soul of music sings.
It sings of dearest heaven,
And summers yet to be;
Then welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

A world of gathered sunshine
Is this warm heart of mine,
Where life hath heapt the fruitage,
And love hath hid the wine.
And though it leave no flower
In field, nor leaf on tree;
Yet welcome is the winter
That brings my love to me.

The *People's Magazine* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) has, in our opinion, fallen off considerably in interest lately, the cover being the best part of the new series. The aim of the management has evidently been to throw more of the religious element into it; and this has been done at the sacrifice of much of its olden vigour. The principal illustrations to this part are "The First Sunbeam," copied from Faed's picture, and "An Arrest During the Reign of Terror in France," from a painting by Grigout. These are well executed; but the original drawing, "The Wedding," to illustrate the serial story, is wretchedly bad. A chromo-lithograph of Dyckmann's "Blind Beggar" is announced as in preparation for the June number of this magazine.

From the Religious Tract Society (56, Paternoster-row), we have received those ever-welcome periodicals, the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sunday at Home*; the former presenting us, as noteworthy features, with a continuation of the instructive and entertaining illustrated articles on "The Midnight Sky at London"; the papers on "The Queen's Journal," Cuthbert Bede's "Peeps Through Loopholes at Men, Manners, and Customs," and a valuable paper on "Sick Nursing," accompanied by a portrait of Florence Nightingale, and a capital sketch of Lea Hurst, her early home; while the latter magazine gives us extracts from "Cousin Mabel's Note Book," by Miss Whately; with "The Pulpit in the Family," and is specially strong in its illustrations this month.

The *Oak* (Houlston and Wright, 65, Paternoster-row) is a new competitor to public favour in the already crowded, some think over-crowded, Magazine world. The *Oak* is published at sixpence, and the number before us is the first instalment. As first numbers go it is not a bad beginning, but we fear the sombre hue of the cover will not be much in its favour, and certainly the two illustrations will not—*i. e.*, a portrait of Disraeli and a sketch by that veteran, George Cruikshank. The latter is cleverly designed, it is true, and is not badly engraved; but it is utterly spoilt in the printing; of the former, the less said the better. Of the articles, the most noteworthy are a biographical sketch of Disraeli, and a paper by William Sawyer, entitled "Miss Braddon as a Poetess." The writer states it was as a poetess Miss Braddon first came before the public, her maiden work being a short poem on some phase of the Crimean War. This was rapidly followed by others that found their way into print; and at the entreaty of her friends she ultimately published a little volume, exhibiting in the poem of 150 Spenserian stanzas that gave the title to the book, the exploits of Garibaldi in 1860. Mr. Sawyer urges that if Miss Braddon had not become a novelist, she might have been a poetess, and the quotations from the volume which he makes in support of this statement certainly go far to bear him out. Here is a short specimen from Miss Braddon's earliest efforts:—

In the wood *where the hyacinths grow,*
And the earth is as blue as the sky,
We wander to-day till the sun sinks low,
And the violet shadows die;
Till the day with its soul of flame—
Till the beautiful day shall die,
To return, but not to return the same,
With one cloud in the changing sky.

We have also received from Messrs. Houlston and Wright a useful little work that we may notice here, entitled "Enquire Within upon Needlework." When we state that it is published at the low price of fourpence, and that it nevertheless gives accurate and clear directions for crochet, netting, tatting, knitting, embroidery and tapestry work, with eighteen admirable illustrative patterns, we have doubtless said enough to send many of our readers to a handbook at once so cheap and useful.

Golden Hours, Part V. (W. Macintosh, 24, Paternoster-row). This excellent family magazine, which was started with much promise in January of the present year, under the editorship of a clergyman who is well-known and deservedly esteemed as a writer for the young as well as a conscientious worker in the religious world, the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, improves with time, the May number being both as regards the articles and their illustrations, the most attractive yet issued. Martin F. Tupper contributes to it both prose and poetry, and the author of "Mary Powell" gives the first half of a sketch entitled "Burned Alive," but the articles we have read with the greatest interest and can the most cordially commend to the attention of our readers are those headed respectively, "Nurses and Their Work," and "A Plea for Step-Mothers." Speaking of the difficulties with which a second wife has to contend, the writer truly remarks:—

The first years of married life are those round which is often cast much of the poetry of life; it is a time when there is generally leisure for pursuits intellectual, artistic, and—though last not least—spiritual, which are apt to become neglected as cares increase and time wears on. How much of this must be sacrificed in a second union, and what a host of petty cares and duties, for which no thanks are given, beset it from its very birth! . . . But we must not forget what has always appeared to us as one great source of the trials of a step-mother, especially if she be young. We mean the cares and anxieties of a family coming on a woman before her experience is matured.

We may again turn to this article on some future occasion, as there can be no doubt that much unreasoning prejudice exists against the step-mother, who, despite her faults, is, we are inclined to think, not nearly so bad as she is generally painted.

The *Serio-Comic Magazine* (147, Fleet-street), No. III., has just changed hands, we believe, and it makes a most vigorous start under its new management, paper, illustrations, and printing being alike improved. The title is the most unsatisfactory part of it, and this also is to be changed. Of its literary excellence we have already spoken highly, and we see no reason to change our opinion; quite the contrary, indeed. The satire is keen, the wit pungent; and principles, not individuals, are attacked. Had space permitted we should have liked to present our readers with an extract from a poem on the "Temple Fountain," from the first part of which we have already quoted; but as it is, we must content ourselves with a more humorous sally, reserving the other for another occasion. Here it is:—

B. AND G.

Said the Bishop to Gladstone, "Sir, how could you dare
Assail *Alma Mater* and your own faith forswear?"
Said G. to the Bishop, "My lord, you are wrong,
I love them both dearly, have loved 'em both long."
Said the Bishop, his bosom with anger expanding,
"Then yours is a love passeth all understanding."

From Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin we have received the monthly parts of the *Quiver* and *Cassell's Magazine*. The former presents us, amongst its admirably varied contents, with papers on "The Art of Living Happily," and "Religion in the Home," also a capital little story by Alton Clyde, entitled "The First Quarrel"; while in the *Magazine*, Moy Thomas makes a vigorous dash into his new novel, "A Fight for Life," and amongst the miscellaneous papers, one on "The Art of Advertising" brings together some curious facts, not the least striking being those illustrative of advertising in the good old times (?). Here, for instance, is a form of challenge and the answer, copied from the *Daily Post* of 1722:—

CHALLENGE.—I, ELIZABETH WILKINSON, of Clarkenwell, having had some words with Hannah Hyfield, and requiring satisfaction, do invite her to meet me upon the stage, and box me for three guineas, each woman holding half-a-crown in each hand, and the first woman that drops the money to lose the battle.

ANSWER.—I HANNAH HYFIELD, of Newgate Market, hearing of the resoluteness of Elizabeth Wilkinson, will not fail, God willing, to give her more blows than words, desiring home blows, and from her no favour. She may expect a good thumping.

We may add that the re-issue of *Cassell's Popular Educator* reaches the end of the first volume this month.

We have also received the following, which we regret we can merely announce this month, with the remark, however, that the magazines are all quite up to their usual standard. From James Clarke & Co., 13, Fleet-street, *The Christian World Magazine* and *Happy Hours*; also four eloquent discourses on "The Prodigal Son," by the Rev. Morley Punshon; from Bell and Daldy, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*; the *London and Country Review* (S. and T. Gilbert, 4, Copthall-buildings, E.C.); the *Illustrated Photographer* (64, Paternoster-row); *Merry and Wise* and *The Mother's Friend* (Jackson, Walford, and Hodder); and from the author, Miss Lenora Geary, 14, Grafton-street, New Bond-street, a new edition of her "Terpsichore; or, a Handy Book to Dancing." This is just the kind of practical little book that ladies may peep into with advantage.

NEW BOOKS FOR THE LADY'S LIBRARY.

Burn's Poems, &c., Globe Edition, ed. by Smith, cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d., cl.
Parrish's Walks in the Black Country, illust., cr. 8vo, 12s., cl.
Com ton's Ups and Downs in an Old Maid's Life, cr. 8vo, 6s., cl.
Jacques Bonneval, by the Author of "Mary Powell," 16mo, 2s. 6d., c.
Jewry's Model Cookery, People's Edition, cr. 8vo. 1s., bds.
La Fontaine's Fables, illust. by Doré, 4to, 30s., cl.
Morris's Earthly Paradise, a Poem, cr. 8vo, 14s., cl.
Northcote's Celebrated Sanctuaries of the Madonna, cr. 8vo, 6s. 6d., cl.
Ouseley's Treatise on Harmony, 4to, 10s., cl.
Punshon's Discourses on the Prodigal Son, cr. 8vo, 1s. 6d., swd., 2s. 6d., cl.
Frole's Success, a Novel, 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 31s. 6d., cl.
Ralph Redfern, a Novel, 3 vols., cr. 8vo, 31s. 6d., cl.
Thomas's (Annie) Noble Aim, fc., 1s., swd.

New Music.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"The Dashing White Sergeant." By Adam Wright. (Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, Regent-street, W.)

"Oft in the Stilly Night." By Adam Wright. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

"Saint Patrick's Day." By W. S. Rockstro. (Robert Cocks and Co.)

THE DASHING WHITE SERGEANT is easy, lively, and pretty. It is in the key of D.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT. There are many composers who would not have a *right* to meddle with the exquisite air which forms the groundwork of this piece. Here, however, is one who has *A. Wright* engraved on the first page, and makes good his claim to transcribe it, for this piece is worthy both of the talented musician whose name appears on the title-page and of the melody that suggested the fantasia. This charming production is in the key of C, with the exception of one of the variations, which is in A flat. It is brilliant, but not difficult. Our readers, of course, know the poet's touching words, so they will be able to render the simple but expressive melody with becoming effect; the showy, although easy, variations being intended as a pleasing contrast.

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY.—Here is a transcription for the piano of another of Moore's songs, or rather of the air he has immortalised by wedding it to his stirring words beginning "Though dark are our sorrows." Mr. Rockstro's arrangement in the key of G is very satisfactory. It is spirited, and requires but ordinary skill and taste to perform it creditably.

DANCE MUSIC.

"Now or Never." By Wilhelm Coenen. (Novello, Ewer, and Co., 1, Berners-street, W., and 35, Poultry, E.C.)

NOW OR NEVER GALOP.—This is scarcely to be called a dance, although the rhythm is admirably marked. It resembles more one of those brilliant and lively pieces we are in the habit of hearing in the social gatherings of the refined. We fancy it requires too much skilful execution to be played generally for dancing. It would certainly tax the fair fingers of the performer in the chromatic passages. There is no doubt it is a showy piece. It is in the key of D flat, and, for a *galop*, it may be written down difficult.

"The Prince of Wales Galop." By Arthur Mayne. (C. Jefferys, 21, Soho-square, W.) Illustrated.

THE PRINCE OF WALES GALOP.—This is a very easy, sprightly, well-marked dance in the key of F. It lacks originality. This circumstance will doubtless be a great recommendation, if we may judge from what seems to be most fashionable. The frontispiece consists of a likeness of the Prince of Wales, which, should it be seen by his Royal Highness, will scarcely make him vain.

COMIC SONGS.

"Money." Written and Sung by Frank Hall. (B. Williams, 19, Paternoster-row, E.C.) Illustrated.

"I Can Beat Him At That." Words by J. B. Geogheghan. Music by J. Batchelder. (B. Williams.)

MONEY, HOW IT COMES AND HOW IT GOES, is a capital gentleman's comic song in the key of F. The music cannot be styled a melody: it is simply a means for giving proper effect to the words. The words are not witty, sarcastic, or ironical. But they are in a sense truthful, and consequently telling. We are sorry, however, that Mr. Hall should have admitted so ungrammatical an expression as "Between you and I." When sung with the slightest humour this song cannot fail to prove effective. The accompaniment is easy, but rapid, being composed of semiquavers chiefly. The range is from C below the lines to F on the fifth line. The illustration, which is in colours, is extremely humorous.

I CAN BEAT HIM AT THAT.—This is a lady's comic song. The words are exceedingly weak, and their morality very questionable. There is no wit or fun in them. Their burthen is simply this—I am going to marry, if my husband should prove unkind he will find I can beat him at that, or if he prove the reverse he will find a similar result. This is not "do as you would wish to be done by," but do as you are done by, which is very different to the injunction not to recompense evil for evil. We believe the one is not new. It strikes us as the same we heard some years ago, set to a comic song beginning "So Miss Myrtle is going to marry, What a number of hearts she will break." It is exceedingly lively and pleasing. The range is from D below the lines to F on the fifth line. It is in the key of F, and may be had in that of G also.

The Lady's Own Paper.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1868.

Notabilia.

An event long expected, though the end came more suddenly even than was feared, has filled the papers with biographical sketches this week. Lord Brougham, the able lawyer, the brilliant orator, the learned writer, and one of the leading champions of Social Science, is dead. The intelligence reached London late on Saturday night. The venerable peer died at his seat at Cannes. His lordship (who reached his eighty-ninth year last September) had lately been in the enjoyment of excellent health, and took his usual carriage exercise on the Thursday afternoon. He retired to rest between eight and nine o'clock; and at a later hour his attendant, before going to bed, went, pursuant to his ordinary custom, into his lordship's room, and found that he had died in his sleep. Henry Brougham was the eldest son of the late Mr. Henry Brougham, of Scales Hall, Cumberland, and Brougham Hall, Westmoreland, by Eleanor, daughter of the Rev. James Syne, maternal niece of the historian Robertson, and was born in St. Andrew's-square, Edinburgh, September 19, 1779. He received his education first at the High School, Edinburgh, under Mr. Luke Fraser, and afterwards under Dr. Adam, author of the celebrated treatise on "Roman Antiquities"; and from the High School he passed to the University of Edinburgh, where he was a pupil of Dugald Stewart, Black, Robinson, and several other well-known professors. He was admitted a Scottish advocate in 1800. Having removed to London in the year 1808 he was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, and entered upon practice on the Northern Circuit. He made his first speech in the House of Commons on March 5, 1810, in the debate on Mr. Whitbread's motion of censure on the Earl of Chatham for privately transmitting to the King his narrative of the expedition to the Scheldt. In 1825 Mr. Brougham was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and in 1827 he laid the foundation of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which he was also the first president. He was raised to the peerage and made Lord Chancellor in 1830. In 1819 Lord Brougham married Mary Anne, widow of Mr. John Spalding, and eldest daughter of Thomas Eden, Deputy Auditor of Greenwich Hospital (brother of the late Lords Auckland and Henley), by whom he had an only daughter, who died young, Nov. 30, 1839. He was emphatically a "working man," whatever the class may hold who arrogate to themselves that title. His was a brain that could never rest. Indeed, he would never let it rest. He delighted in *tours de force*. In his great election contest for Yorkshire in 1830, which he gained, he travelled 120 miles in one day, spoke at eight different places, and appeared in court at York Assizes the following morning at nine o'clock. And we have heard, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that on one occasion in early life he resolved to work continuously without sleep from Monday morning till Saturday night, and boasted that he had carried out his mad resolve.

Wednesday was the day fixed for the laying of the foundation-stone of the new St. Thomas's Hospital, and the announcement that had been made that the ceremony would be performed by Her Majesty drew together a vast crowd of her subjects, of all ranks and degrees. The neighbourhood of the site was thronged from an early hour, and the streets leading to it from all quarters were lined with persons who congratulated each other on the coincidence of "Queen's weather" with Her Majesty's reappearance among her people in the metropolis. Her Majesty left Buckingham Palace a little after eleven o'clock, attended by a cavalry escort, and arrived at the site of the new hospital precisely at twenty minutes to twelve. Here a guard of honour was drawn up, and the Queen was welcomed with a Royal salute. The president and treasurer, with a deputation of governors of the hospital, received Her Majesty, and conducted her in procession to her chair of State on the raised dais in front of the stone. Her Majesty was here received with the most enthusiastic cheering. The National Anthem was sung on the Queen taking her seat, the whole company rising, and for the most part joining heartily in the words. The Queen was dressed entirely in black, with a black bonnet, beneath which the widow's cap could just be seen. On Her Majesty's right was the Princess of Wales, who looked exceedingly well, and who wore a lilac dress. The Prince of Wales was on Her Majesty's left hand, and there were present also the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince and Princess Christian, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, Prince Arthur and Prince Leopold. Her Majesty was attended by the Mistress of the Robes, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Steward, the Lord Chamberlain, the Vice-Chamberlain, the Lord and Lady in Waiting, &c., &c. To give the names of the company present would be impossible, but among those who occupied prominent positions, besides the members of the Royal Family and the Queen's Ministers, were the Bishops of London and Oxford, the Dean of Westminster, Earl Granville, and the ladies of their respective families. The whole ceremony passed off with the greatest *eclat*.

A sharp contest across the Channel, in which ladies are the champions pitted against each other, and public opinion generally, can scarcely fail to interest our readers to some extent. It is neither more nor less than this, that the Parisian Grand Monde is just now absorbed in a tournament of toilettes—a duel *a outrance* between the *robe a queue* and the *robe courte*, with the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild for champion on one side, and the Countess de Pourtalès on the other. The latter, who is one of the half-dozen leaders of fashion in Paris, recently issued invitations for a ball, which she accompanied with suggestions that the ladies should make their appearance in *robes courtes*; in other words, with the *jupe* just reaching to the instep in front, and not hiding the ankle behind. People say this is because the Countess has *un pied ravissant*, which she delights to display. She had certainly tried the effect a few evenings previously at a ball given by the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, when she made her appearance in a *robe courte* and blue satin shoes ornamented with bouquets of small roses, and was universally admired. The Countess's own ball proved a decided success. *Robes courtes* were in a large majority, and the wearers were uncharitable enough to say that it was only the dread of displaying their *pieds longs, pieds plats*, and *pieds bots*, which deterred their opponents from following the example they had set them. It is quite certain that the battle between the trains *Pompadour* and the *jupes Camargo* has commenced in earnest, and people are already prophesying, a Paris correspondent states, that before the end of the present season the *robe a queue* will be completely banished from the *salon*; for our own part we venture to doubt it.—In Paris, *coiffures* appear to be in a transition state. The *chignon* after having attained its highest altitude and extremest dimensions has begun to decrease, to account, perhaps, for the possession of those two or three long curls, *a la Princesse de Galles*, which are now worn, one falling over the left shoulder in front and the others down the back. Attempts have been made by certain careless *belles* to transform this latter style of *coiffure* into what is termed the *sortie de l'eau*, which is simply with the back hair in that state of admired disorder of which there is such an interesting display on the parades of the fashionable watering-places after the morning bath.—The only Parisian novelty connected with ladies' boots applies to the material rather than the shape; this is a leather made from the skin of the crocodile; and the merits of which are said to be extreme flexibility and readiness to take a most admirable polish. It will, of course, remark our authority, be run after for the moment, but is not likely, however, to be so much in demand as to need an organised tribe of crocodile hunters to ensure an adequate supply.

A good deal of excitement has prevailed on the Continent through the trial, which we have already briefly referred to, of Count Chorinsky, son of an Austrian Governor, and Mdlle. d'Ebergenyi, a canoness from Brunn, for poisoning the Countess, wife of the accused. The deceased was an actress, born in 1833, and married at Rome in 1860, but was abandoned in 1864 by her husband, and protected by his family. In 1866 a reconciliation was attempted, but failed, and, wishing her husband's wounds to receive all the care from his family, she retired to Munich, where, in November, 1867, she was found dead from prussic acid, administered by d'Ebergenyi, who came specially from Vienna to commit the crime, she having improper relations with the Count, and his promise to marry her—in fact, the trousseau was being made, and the wedding day fixed—in the event of the Countess being made away with. Ebergenyi is twenty-six years of age and pretty, even elegant, of middle height, chestnut hair, dark, penetrating eyes. She wore a black silk dress, around her neck a blue ribbon, and a brooch cut as a Death's head. The Count is thirty-five years of age, and an officer in the Austrian army. Beside the judges, who wore a kind of military uniform, was a crucifix and two lighted candles, the poison, &c. Mdlle. d'Ebergenyi has been sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment, and the loss of her nobility. An appeal that has been made for her we have referred to elsewhere.

The terrible mortality amongst the infants of the poor, especially in great cities, such as London, Paris, Manchester, Liverpool, is a subject to which one can scarcely revert without a shudder, especially when science teaches us that a large proportion, the largest indeed, arises from preventible causes, such as insufficient nourishment, careless and ignorant nursing, bad air, &c., to say nothing of that monstrosity so painfully forced upon us recently —baby-farming. Besides these, the bringing up by hand, either through the disinclination or incapacity of the mother to suckle, must doubtless be charged with many deaths. Still, even when deduction is made for all these causes, the mortality of infants is very great. Perhaps, however, we have now got a partial clue to it; and, at any rate, we gladly seize upon the evidence and await further investigation. The evidence we refer to is pointed out in a very able article of the *Courrier Medicale*. One great cause of the mortality in the first stage of infancy is therein said to be insufficiency of development in the bones. The milk of a healthy woman ought to contain 2.5 grammes of phosphate of lime, which is the basis of osseous matter. Now, the observations of Drs. Dumas, Meninhofen, Simon, Schwartes, Mouriès, and others prove that there is scarcely one nurse in ten whose milk in this respect is of the normal strength. In most cases it contains from one-third to one-fifth of the normal quantity, and there are a few in which hardly a trace of this important principle is to be found. Such women necessarily cause the death of the infant entrusted to their care, and in most other instances the child, at the very time when its growth ought to be exceedingly rapid, lives on pale and in a sickly state, and generally incapable of resisting the effects of the disorders incident to early youth. At a somewhat later period, when it attempts to walk, the bones, having failed to acquire the requisite solidity for want of sufficient nourishment, often get distorted, and it is extremely difficult to bring them back to their normal state. Dentition, also, proceeds slowly; the generating principle, phosphate of lime, not having been sufficiently absorbed, and hence those dangerous fits so often fatal to the subject. The cause being at length discovered, the remedy was easily found. In 1854 Dr. Mouriès succeeded in combining phosphate of lime obtained from the decomposition of bones with albumen under the form of a sort of gruel. This is given to the nurse whose milk is found deficient, and it thereby acquires the principle it was most in want of. Some time ago Dr. Pégot-Augier selected eighteen women who in all had twenty-two children, eight of which had died during the first year, the remaining fourteen being sickly and lymphatic. These women were subjected twice a day to the above-mentioned diet. Fourteen children were born in the course of the following year; of these, only three died, and the remainder were in the enjoyment of perfect health.

There has been another large meeting held on the question of the Franchise for Women, this time in the Exchange Assembly Room at Birmingham. Archdeacon Sandford presided, and the attendance was numerous, including many ladies. Letters expressive of regret at "inability to attend" were read from Lord and Lady Amberley, Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., Mr. Coleridge, M.P., Mr. W. Ewart, M.P., Mr. P. W. Martin, M.P., Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., Miss Harriet Martineau, &c. Mr. Stuart Mill wrote:—"I am very happy to hear that you have formed at Birmingham a branch of the National Society for Women's Suffrage, and I wish you most cordially all success in your important work. There is no movement to which I should be more happy to devote my time and labour than to this one, the consequences of which are likely to be so momentous and so beneficial to both sexes." After the chairman had spoken, Miss Robertson moved, "That the exclusion of women from the exercise of the franchise in the election of members of Parliament being unjust in principle and inxpedient in practice, this meeting is of opinion that the right of voting should be granted to them on the same conditions as it is, or may be, granted to men." She alluded with satisfaction to the advance that the question of Women's Suffrage had made in public opinion, and referred to the interest taken in the movement by some of the most intellectual and distinguished men and women of the day. The idea that women had nothing to do with politics was fast giving way, she said, and would soon exist only in the minds of those who did not understand what politics meant. Politics so frequently affected the minutest particulars of household life and economy that it could not be denied that women should take an interest in such affairs. The principle that personal rating qualified for the franchise was not held to be true in the case of women, and that was most unjust. They only claimed a vote for women who fulfilled the property with the occupancy conditions required of men. Mr. Myers, of Trinity College, Cambridge, seconded the resolution, which was carried, there being three dissentients only. Altogether the meeting must be considered a success.

A case was decided in the Exchequer Chamber on Saturday, which, though of not quite so much interest to the ladies as to gentlemen, merits brief notice in these columns. It was that known as Bryant *v.* Foot, which has been pending in the courts for about five years, and which involves the right of the clergy to marriage fees. The defendant was the rector of Horton, in Buckinghamshire, and he claimed a fee of 10s. for the rector and 3s. for the clerk of the parish upon any marriage solemnised in the church. The plaintiff claimed a return of the fees he had paid. The case was argued some time since in the Court of Queen's Bench, when the majority of that court (Mr. Justice Blackburn dissenting) gave judgment in favour of the plaintiff. The defendant appealed against that judgment, and the matter was argued some time since in the Exchequer Court, when time was taken for consideration. The Chief Baron now delivered the judgment of the majority of the court. It appeared, he said, that from 1804 to 1854 these fees had been paid, and the question was whether the court should hold that the claim by perscription could be sustained; the majority of the Court of Queen's Bench had determined that it could not, and the majority of this court was of opinion that the judgment of that court should be affirmed. In order to show that a claim to such a fee was legal, it must be shown to have existed from the time of legal memory (Richard I.). The payment must have been made from time immemorial, and it must have been the same fee in amount. It was impossible to suppose that such a fee as 13s. could have been paid upon a marriage in a small parish in the time of Richard I. It was proof to rebut the conclusion that the payment had been made from time immemorial. The judgment of the Queen's Bench would, therefore, be affirmed.

One would have thought that the state of things revealed by a bill now passing through Parliament could not possibly have existed in these times, yet the facts unpleasantly undeceive us, and show that one may be married and not married even where every ordinary precaution has been taken to guard against so very undesirable a condition. The bill in question has been framed to remedy, as far as may be, in a particular instance, a blunder that may be repeating itself elsewhere, as yet undiscovered, for instances are ever and anon being brought to light. A quarter of a century ago, it appears, a chapel of ease was built and consecrated in a hamlet in the parish of Sapperton, Gloucestershire, and marriages have been solemnised in this chapel apparently as a matter of course. It turns out that in supposing he could legally solemnise marriages because the chapel was consecrated the clergyman was, to use the language of the bill, "under an errroneous impression," Parliament does from time to time in these cases, as they come to light, the only thing it can do after the event,—viz., passes a bill like this now before it, declaring all the marriages valid; but it is to be hoped that the forthcoming report of the Marriage Law Commission will propose measures for putting an end to this scandal, and enable men and women to know for certain whether, when they go through the usual ceremonial at a church, they are really married, or whether they are liable to find out, years afterwards, that the clergyman was "under an erroneous impression" when he solemnly pronounced them married.

The Newest Fashions.

WE will describe briefly a few toilettes suitable for the present season :—

For a walking-dress, over a grey taffetas petticoat a skirt of the same coloured mohair, trimmed with ruches of taffetas pinked out. With this a *Lamballe* mantle of mohair may be worn, having a hood of taffetas.

A skirt of Alexandra blue and white striped foulard, with a tunic of plain blue looped *a la panier* with blue bows.

A very dressy toilette is an Alexandra blue sprinkled with gold, and fastened behind *a la panier* with bouquets of small pink flowers and blue ribbons.

Black cashmeres, and also Bordeaux coloured are much in favour just now. The latter especially are simply trimmed on the petticoat and skirt with self-coloured ruches in taffetas.

Grey poplin is the fashion for young ladies, and many toilettes are fashioned to button on the cross up the front. A large *ceinture* fastened by a clasp of *passementerie* encircles the waist.

Bonnets are worn chiefly of gauze and to match the dress, and the only ornaments are the large lappets or mantillas, fastened with bunches of flowers. With a green dress a pretty rice straw bonnet is seen, ornamented with a ruche of green gauze and a coronet of leaves. Lappots of green gauze trimmed with rolls of satin hang at the sides.

An elegant black lace bonnet with a deep Spanish mantilla all round of black lace worked with a small pattern has the simple ornament of a branch of white rosebuds and leaves placed on one side, the end hanging.

A headdress for the house of white blonde lace is adorned by an *aigrette* of feathers, secured on one side by a small bouquet of heartsease placed on a violet bow of ribbon, and made entirely of mother-o'-pearl artificially veined, with the exception of the two upper leaves of each flower, the petals of which are of violet velvet.

A pearl grey dinner dress of *gros grain*, with a piece added or inserted into the skirt behind *a panier*, edged round with a band of white satin on the cross. The edge of the skirt was garnished with a similar band, and two other bands of satin came down the hips on each side, and joined the one which trimmed the *panier*.

For a young lady, a skirt of dark blue taffetas edged with black *passementerie* and raised at the side *a panier* with bouquets of blue ribbon over a black *glace* petticoat. Short *glace* jacket and black lace bonnet with a coronet of steel and gold across the brow, and wide lace lappets secured below the chin by a brooch of steel and gold. A small bouquet of blue flowers on the outside.

Grand marriages have lately been the topic of conversation in Paris, and the beautiful articles furnished for the brides offer combinations of taste and splendour worthy of description, and which it may perhaps interest some of our readers to peruse.

At a recent matinal assembly the Princess Margaret wore a dress of rich blue taffetas made with a Marie Antoinette *fichu* of the same material. The Princess Clotilde was habited in a dress of pink *faye* covered by a white lace shawl. The Queen of Portugal was attired in a taffetas robe of spring green taffetas, made with a *basque* trimmed with *point d'Alencon*, and without any other jacket or mantle.

At the recent marriage of the daughter of the American Minister, Miss Dix, that young lady wore a tulle dress *bullionnee*, over which was a tunic garnished with *point d'Alencon* and bouquets of orange flowers. A wreath of orange flowers and a long lace veil. Suspended from the neck was a magnificent diamond cross.

On the marriage, at Nice, of Miss Butler, another American lady, to an Egyptian banker, she wore a dress covered with lace of the richest quality.

A Parisian bride of distinction lately appeared in a dress of thick white silk with an extremely long train, the bodice fastened with orange flowers, and a wide *ceinture* secured behind; a garland of orange flowers on the hair, and a veil reaching the ground.

The difference observed between the French and the *elite* of other countries in regard to bridal toilettes is marked in these descriptions. In Paris the most aristocratic wear untrimmed dresses for the bridal—it is the last time the bride wears the dress of a young girl. With other countries nothing is too rich and costly for a bride —her marriage is the greatest event of her life—all hope the happiest. Perhaps nothing marks more the difference with which the French look upon marriage, and the English, Americans, and many other nations.

Now here we have a perfect description of a French toilette, which, on that account, we cannot fail giving our readers, but we think it is not quite suited to English taste.

A training Watteau skirt and entire toilette of green. Bonnet of green gauze. Green gloves and green silk Polish boots with small green tassels. Parasol, the new shape, also green.

Although, perhaps, we are stretching a point in daring to be humorous in an article dedicated to so grave a subject as Fashion, we cannot help adding we think this lady should carry a pocket-handkerchief bordered with green, wear pale green stockings, and complete her attire by the assumption of a pair of green spectacles.

For a young lady, a dress of blue and white shot Chambery gauze may be made with a Marie Antoinette *fichu* trimmed with blue taffetas, and adorned with a *ceinture* with two large rosettes. A rice straw bonnet ruched with blue ribbon forming a knot in the centre clasped with silver.

A Pompadour dress may be made of grey and white shot Chambery gauze edged with broad lace. A short tunic of grey, only looped by knots of white satin. A square-cut *fichu* ornamented with white satin. A very large white satin *ceinture*, and a white tulle bonnet with grey foliage.

The newest style of *fichu* is that cut away at the neck and secured behind by a knot of ribbons with many ends. Many are of cashmere trimmed with black velvet and black lace ruches.

Woollen, mohair, and stuff *jupons* in France are now only worn in the country. In Paris *faille* or silk Pekin are general.

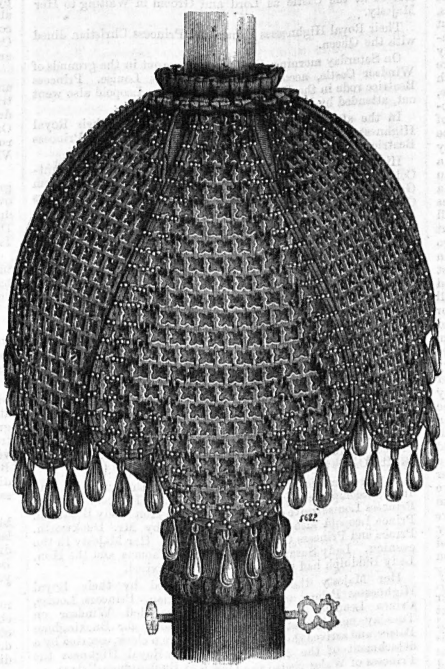
At the Academy, blue and mauve were the prevalent colours for dresses.

Many bonnets for the approaching season are made entirely of flowers. These are very pretty for young ladies, and rarely look out of taste. They are not very durable, but perhaps last fully as long as bonnets of crape or tulle. Straw bears the palm over all things for durability, and for economy nothing equals the hat, which however, is inadmissible except for young persons.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

LAMP COVER IN BEADWORK.

THIS can be executed from the design with the large German beads, and fringed with pear-shaped crystals. At the top place a ruche of ribbon. The pattern is, 1 white glass German, 1 round coral or silvered glass bead, 1 white glass German bead again.



LAMP COVER IN BEADWORK.

NEEDLEWORK.

BRAID AND CROCHET LACES.

THESE are considerably wider laces than the last, and worked with the same materials.

For under linen or children's clothing use the finest cordon braid (Walker's), and Walter Evans' and Co.'s boar's head cotton No. 30. For furniture or chair tidies coarser braid and cotton may be used.

These laces are suitable for ladies' under-clothing, children's pelisses or frocks, pincushions, or chair tidies.

VENETIAN LACE, DEEP POINTS.

BEGIN two inches from the end of the braid. Work 1 plain into a pearl, 3 chain, miss 6 pearl, 1 plain, 5 chain, 1 plain on the 4th pearl from the 2nd plain; 6 chain, 1 plain back again on the 4th pearl above the 3rd plain stitch; 6 chain, 1 plain back again into the 2nd pearl above the 4th plain.

. This forms a point or vandyke of the braid, by five chains of crochet worked zigzag across it, backwards and forwards.

Now for the next point: 2 chain to cross the braid; 1 plain on the other side on the opposite pearl, you will now, bending the braid over to form a second vandyke, be working on the under side, or part between the two vandykes, 6 chain, miss 6 pearl, 1 plain on the 7th. 6 chain; cross back; 1 plain on the second pearl; 6 chain; cross back again, 1 plain on the 6th pearl. 2 chain and cross the braid; making one plain on the opposite side. 7 pearls ought to be left on the upper side of this curve. Make the next vandyke like the first; and continue working in the same way.

2nd row: On the centre pearl of the seven pearls on the point of the first vandyke work 2 treble with one chain between; 5 chain; 2 more treble with 2 chain between into the same place. Five chain miss 2 pearls, 1 d. c. into the third; 5 chain, miss 2 pearls, 1 d. c. as before. Four chain, 1 d. c. on the 2 chain of the six between the vandykes; 3 chain, 1 plain on the second of the lower six chain. Three chain, 1 plain on the third of the five pearls between the 2 chains of six; four chain, one plain in the pearl where there is already 1 plain.

Then work down the side of the next vandyke, working straight on from the last plain, 5 chain, miss 2 pearls, 1 d. c. in the third, 5 chain, and repeat from the commencement of the row.

To finish, work on the straight side, 1 treble crochet on the third pearl of the 7 on the arch between the vandykes; 4 chain, 1 treble on the 6th pearl, 4 chain. 1 railway stitch into the chain of six. Work this by twisting the cotton 4 times round the needle, and working off two at a time as in a treble stitch. 4 chain and repeat.

DUBLIN LACE OR TRIMMING.

LEAVE a couple of inches of braid. 1 long into 1 pearl. * 3 more long, missing 2 pearl between each. 3 chain, 1 plain into the 3rd pearl; 2 chain to cross. Turn the work. 1 plain on the pearl on the opposite side, sloping forwards. 3 chain, miss 2 pearl, and repeat from *.

. This forms a scolloped edging with a wheel in every scollop both ways. There should be 11 pearls on the outside of every scollop.

2nd row: 1 plain on the 3rd pearl above the 1st. 3 chain; 1 railway stitch on the centre long of last row. 3 chain, 1 plain on the pearl opposite to the 1st. 6 chain, cross at the back down the braid, and work into the next scollop, turning the work; the chain will appear as if part of the braid.

. This completes the trimming. If for lace.

3rd row: Work on one side as a heading, 2 long on the two pearls of the 6 at the top of the scollop, with 2 chain between. 5 chain, 1 railway stitch of 4 (see Venetian Lace, last article) into the 3 chain half way down the scollop. Another railway stitch on the 2nd chain of 3. 4 chain and repeat.

THE IRISH TRIMMING.

A new double insertion in Cordon Braid and Crochet that can hardly be distinguished from the richest Cluny Lace.

THIS is a very rich pattern, suitable for trimming ladies' and children's dresses and mantles. Use the finest Cordon braid with the pearl edge, as before (Walker's). Walker's Penelope crochet hook No. 2, and Walter Evans and Co.'s boar's head cotton No. 30. Lay two pieces of the braid together between the finger and thumb, so that the pearl edges stand up together between the fingers. Make a plain stitch between two of the pearls that are together, one belonging to each strip—6 chain, miss 6 pearls, 1 single in the 7th pearls of both pieces of braid as before. Continue till the desired length is worked. This draws the braid.

Second row: Open the braid; it now forms two sets of vandykes, either side a tight row of crochet. Make 1 d. c. into the pearl on the top of the first vandyke on one side; 3 chain. Pass the cotton twice round the needle, insert the needle in the lowest pearl in the next recess of the vandyke, and work off two at a time as in a long stitch. 3 chain, and repeat.

Third row: 1 d. c. on the railway stitch of last row; 3 chain, * 1 long on the double crochet; 5 chain, unite it back to the top of the long stitch just made by 1 plain, 2 chain, and repeat twice more from *, working all in the same hole; 3 chain, and repeat. When finished, pull into shape with the fingers.

Work on the other side of the trimming in the same manner, re-commencing from the second row.

. If any subscriber find a difficulty in working from the printed instructions, we will with pleasure forward a small piece worked on receipt of a stamped directed envelope.

The Ladies' Garden.

THE most important work just now in the Flower Garden is the preparation of the beds and borders to receive the bedding plants, and the gradual hardening off of the latter previous to their due instalment in their blooming positions. Many persons have already filled up their beds; but we advise our fair readers not to be in too great a hurry in this respect, for only last week we had several rather sharp night-frosts that must have given a severe check, if not proved positively fatal, to tender plants just removed from the frames. A few hours frost is quite sufficient to throw newly-bedded plants back a couple of months; and little is gained, therefore, by filling the beds before, say, the last week in this month, when checks from frost are presumably at an end. In the meantime, however, there is much to engage attention; many plants will require training into shape; annuals, sown in patches, need thinning; tender annuals will have to be pricked out from the seed pans; and many other operations will suggest themselves in individual cases.

All kinds of hardy annuals may still be sown, either where they are to bloom or in reserve beds. Those sown in March and April will require thinning. If the weather prove showery, take advantage of it for this purpose. Annuals, it has been truly remarked, are held in light estimation because people do not really cultivate them. Thin out the patches and top the branching kinds, and they will bloom so vigorously as to be altogether unlike the crowded spindling things of which people so complain. Quick-flowering annuals sown in shady places at the end of the month, or early in June, will come into flower for succession to those that are exhausted, and prove of great service.

Plants in the dwelling-house should now be pruned and cleaned and put out of doors as much as possible. Geraniums in par-

ticular have generally grown lanky or spindly, and should be cut back into a good form, for they will quickly grow, and if cutting back makes them look naked, it will be only for a short time.

Mr. J. C. Clark, writing in a contemporary on "Bedders and Bedding," gives some hints worth quoting as to foliage plants. He commences by strongly recommending the *Centaurea gymnocarpa*, as the most elegant of all the white-leaved plants extant for centres of beds and prominent positions. Surely few, if any, would grow the white-leaved *Cineraria maritima* (he remarks), if they knew how far superior this plant is; for when placed beside the centaurea the other looks exceedingly coarse and dull. Another white-leaved quite hardy plant for permanent edgings for scarlet beds is the *Stachys lanata*, easily increased by division or by seed. Then, for centres of beds and other prominent positions, we have the *Cannas* in variety, also the *Ricinus*, or "castor oil plant," and the common *Virginian Tobacco*. All these make nice features in breaking up the monotony of the surface of the flower garden, and they are withal cheap and come-at-able, as they may all be raised from seed the same season as wanted. For dwarfer subjects of a different style and colour in leaf, either for centres or background, we have the *Perilla nankinensis*, the *Purple Orach*, and the old-fashioned *Prince's Feather* and *Love-lies-Bleeding*. The two last, it is true, are not now much used, but they are not to be despised in the most refined of gardens, and are especially fine in shrubbery borders.

The balsam is a favourite flower with ladies, and yet, strange to say, it is rarely met with nowadays in first-rate condition. We quite agree with the *Gardener's Magazine*, that there is no flower more abused than the balsam, though it is one of the most showy annuals we possess, and has a cheerful appearance, whether in pots or planted out in borders. A writer in our contemporary gives some good hints as to the successful cultivation of the flower, and his great experience in the matter invests his advice with additional interest. Having, he remarks, for many years enjoyed the pleasure of raising fine balsams, with stems as thick as one's arm, three feet high, and with heads of five or six feet in circumference, and every shoot loaded with huge double flowers of the most dazzling colours, we should like to be the means of setting a few readers about balsam-growing in earnest. We will first go into the common-place part of the culture, for the information of those who simply want a show of border flowers. It is most important to secure good seed, and, unless a good price be paid for it, it is not worth the trouble of growing. First-class balsams, being very double, produce scarcely any seed; hence, high price must be an accompaniment of high quality; and, after all, the mere cost of seed is so trifling, considering what splendid results may be obtained by having it really good, that the question scarcely need be raised. Take your good seed, and sow a pinch in a seed-pan, using very sandy loam for the purpose. If you can give it a little heat to start it, good; but if not, place it in a warm corner of a room, and keep it just damp until it begins to sprout, and then let it have light and moderate moisture till the little seedlings are large enough to handle, and by that time the weather will be sufficiently advanced for them to go to the borders. If they are all to be planted out, set them in threes, triangle fashion, six inches apart each way, and at least two feet from patch to patch. In planting, put a good spadeful of rotten dung under each patch, mixing it well with the soil; and when they are planted, spread another spadeful of dung on the surface, so as to mulch them and keep the roots moist. If the weather is cold, cover them every night with inverted flower-pots, stopping the holes in the pots with an oyster-shell or bit of tile; and if dry sunny days follow the planting, let the pots remain over them all day for four days, and by that time they may be taken off every morning and put on at night, till the weather is mild enough to leave them altogether exposed. If a portion of the seedlings were pricked off into small pots, with rich loam and leaf-mould, and kept in a green-house or cold pit till they filled the pots with roots, they would produce a finer lot for the best positions. Now, to make these border balsams worth the place you have given them, you must give them plenty of water from the very moment they begin to make growth. In dry weather, water them once a day till they are six inches high; then water them twice a day; and as they come towards blooming, give it them three times a day; and from the first they should have liquid manure once a week, then twice a week, and at last, when they are setting for bloom, every other day, no matter if the weather be wet or dry; in fact, during rainy weather the liquid manure may be a little stronger than at other times, and diluted house-slops is the very best stimulant they can have. There is another point of equal importance that must be attended to in good time, and that is *stopping*. One reason why so many people have poor balsams is because they allow them to grow and flower as they like, and the drier they are kept the sooner they flower, so that if left to themselves they run up six inches, then produce a few miserable blossoms on the stem, and their career is at an end; but, by compelling growth instead of bloom, you may get them to almost any size you like; and the larger and stronger you have the plants, the more grand will be their show of bloom when they are finally allowed to display themselves. Therefore, when your little plants have half a dozen leaves, nip out the centre of each. They will then throw half a dozen side-branches; when these are a little advanced, nip them in the same manner, and continue stopping as fast as there are sufficient joints of the new growth to afford a basis for a fresh development of side-shoots. All this while give plenty of water, and increase the strength of the liquid manure; and if you never took much note of balsams before, you will be astonished to see the stems increase to the thickness of a stout walking-stick, and with splendid heads and bright healthy foliage. You must determine for yourself whether you will have them larger or not, for now they will, in spite of stopping, begin to produce flower-buds. If these are allowed to swell, they will make very little more growth; but if every one be picked off, they will break again another crop of side-shoots, and make still finer heads; and if you want them in bloom by a certain time, you only need give them a fortnight in hot weather, or three weeks later in the season; and by discontinuing stoppings and disbuddings, you will have them in bloom by that time—not a few miserable flowers on the central stem, but loaded to the extremity of every shoot, and one mass of colour all over. The flowers ought to be nearly as large as double camellias, and the plants have the general appearance of trees with stout stems, and without a single gap anywhere in the filling out of the side-branches.

We have to announce the death of Lady Annaly, which took place on Tuesday afternoon at the family residence in Grosvenor-place, after a short and severe illness. This greatly-respected and lamented lady was a daughter of Mr. W. S. Dempster, of Skibo Castle, county Sutherland; and married, in 1829, Colonel Henry White, of Woodlands, county Dublin, by whom she leaves a family; the youngest is Captain the Hon. Charles White, M.P. for county Tipperary, and a daughter is married to Captain the Hon. Robert W. Grosvenor, M.P. for Westminster.

The Court.

The Queen drove out at Osborne on Tuesday afternoon, last week, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on the Wednesday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise and Prince Leopold also went out.

The Dowager Countess of Gainsborough succeeded Lady Churchill as Lady in Waiting to Her Majesty, and the Hon. Mrs. Alexander Gordon arrived on a visit to Her Majesty.

In the afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise, and attended by the Dowager Countess of Gainsborough, drove out; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Thursday morning, accompanied by Princess Beatrice.

Princess Louise walked out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Gordon; and Prince Leopold went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth.

The Queen drove out on Thursday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise; and Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, drove out on Friday morning, and called on Lady Cowell. Prince Leopold also went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth.

In the afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left Osborne at three o'clock, and arrived at Windsor Castle at half-past six. Her Majesty crossed over to Gosport in the Royal yacht Alberta, Captain his Serene Highness the Prince of Leiningen, C.C.B. The suite in attendance consisted of the Countess of Gainsborough, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Sir T. M. Biddulph, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Mr. Duckworth, Mr. Sahl, and the Master of the Household. The Hon. Florence Seymour arrived at the Castle as Maid of Honour in Waiting. Viscount Strathallan and Colonel the Hon. C. H. Lindsay also arrived at the Castle as Lord and Groom in Waiting to Her Majesty.

Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian dined with the Queen.

On Saturday morning, the Queen drove out in the grounds of Windsor Castle, accompanied by Princess Louise. Princess Beatrice rode in the Home Park, and Prince Leopold also went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth.

In the afternoon, the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, drove out.

His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone, arrived at the Castle in the evening from Greenwich-park. Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian dined with the Queen.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Right Hon. Gathorne Hardy arrived at the Castle, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen, their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, and the Ladies and Gentlemen in Waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel. His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury preached the sermon. Prince and Princess Christian remained at the Castle to luncheon.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Dean of Windsor and the Hon. Mrs. Wellesley had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

The Queen walked in the grounds on Monday morning, and drove, accompanied by Princess Louise. Prince Leopold also went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Lieutenant-Colonel Elphinstone, left the Castle for Shoeburyness.

In the afternoon, the Queen walked in the grounds, and drove, accompanied by Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Princess Louise drove out, attended by the Hon. Lady Biddulph. Prince Leopold also went out, attended by Mr. Duckworth. Prince and Princess Christian dined with Her Majesty in the evening. Lady Susan Melville and Sir Thomas and the Hon. Lady Biddulph had the honour of being invited.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left Windsor on Tuesday morning at half-past ten o'clock for Buckingham Palace, and arrived there at half-past eleven o'clock, escorted by a detachment of the 3rd Hussars. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales visited the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

The Duke of Edinburgh may be expected in England about the 24th inst.

Prince and Princess Christian, attended by their suite, honoured Lord and Lady Barrington with their company at dinner on Wednesday evening, last week.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major Teesdale, drove to Woolwich on Wednesday afternoon, last week, and was present at the athletic sports of the cadets of the Royal Military Academy. His Royal Highness afterwards dined with Prince Arthur at the Ranger's Lodge, Blackheath. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor.

On the Thursday, the Prince of Wales rode out, attended by Major Teesdale. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. The Prince of Wales went to the House of Lords. In the evening their Royal Highnesses went to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

The Prince of Wales rode out on Friday, attended by Major Teesdale. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. In the evening, the Prince and Princess of Wales had a dinner party. The band of the Coldstream Guards, under the bandmaster, Mr. C. Godfrey, performed the annexed programme of music:—

Pas Redoublé, "Karnthner Lieder"	Seifort.
Overture, "Fra Diavolo"	Auber.
Walzer, "Morgenblatter"	Strauss.
Polka, "Zerlina" (solo, cornet, Mr. Hardy)	Ettling.
Selection, "La Grand Duchesse"	Offenbach.
Waltz, "Mildred"	C. Godfrey.
Fantasia, "Out of Sight"	F. Clay.

The Prince of Wales rode out on Saturday forenoon, attended by Major Teesdale. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor. In the evening, their Royal Highnesses went to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

On Sunday, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the Hon. Mrs. Stonor and Major Teesdale in waiting, attended Divine service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The communion service was read by the Rev. J. V. Povah and the Rev. Thomas Helmore. Anthem, "Judge me, O Lord" (Mendelssohn); Mr. Cooper presided at the organ. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. V. Povah, from Psalm cxvi., v. 8-9.

On Monday afternoon the Prince of Wales drove out. The Princess of Wales drove out, attended by the Hon. Mrs. Stonor.

The Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Princess Louise, drove out on Tuesday afternoon. In the evening their Royal Highnesses went to the Royal Italian Opera, Covent garden.

The Mayor of Leeds received a letter from Lieutenant-General Sir William Knollys, last week, to the effect that, by the advice of her Royal Highness's medical attendants, the Princess of Wales would not accompany the Prince to Leeds at the inauguration of the Art Exhibition, in consequence of her Royal Highness's delicate state of health and the fatigue consequent upon such a long railway journey. The news created considerable disappointment in the borough.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has presented a pair of altar candlesticks for use in Sandringham Church.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have given Mr. Noble a sitting for busts of their Royal Highnesses, which are for the Exhibition at Leeds.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING ROOM.

The Queen held a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday afternoon, and the attendance was unusually brilliant. Her Majesty entered the Throne Room a few minutes after three o'clock, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Cambridge, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince of Leiningen, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the Prince of Teck.

The Queen wore a black silk dress, with a train trimmed with crape and jet, the usual cap with a long veil of white crape lisse, ornamented with large diamonds, and surmounted by a small coronet of diamonds and sapphires. Her Majesty also wore a diamond necklace, brooch, and cross, the latter containing a minature of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort; the Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, and the Orders of Victoria and Albert and Louise of Prussia.

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian wore a train of white and gold brocade, and a petticoat of rich white poult de soie, trimmed with Honiton lace and gold braid and tassels. Head-dress composed of a diadem of diamonds, feathers and veil. Ornaments, diamond necklace with a pendant of diamonds, rubies and emeralds; brooch and earrings, diamonds. Orders, Victoria and Albert and St. Isabel.

Her Royal Highness Princess Louise wore a train of rich green moire, trimmed with silver, and a petticoat of white tulle over glacé, trimmed with chatelaines of green leaves. Head-dress, green leaves, diamonds and pearls, feathers and veil. Diamond ornaments, and Orders of Victoria and Albert and St. Isabel.

Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice wore a dress of white tulle over glacé, trimmed with apple blossoms. Head-dress, band of green velvet and bouquet of apple blossoms; pearl and emerald ornaments.

LADIES' DRESSES.

We append a description of a few of the principal dresses worn on the occasion, but must postpone the more extended list to our next number, owing to the unusual pressure on our space this week for fashionable announcements:—

Princess Soltykoff.—Train of rich white silk, trimmed with ruchings of silver spotted tulle, edged with silver braid attached with sprays of white convolvulus and wreaths of green leaves; the petticoat of silver spotted tulle, trimmed in front to match the train, and covered with a silver striped tulle veil. Headdress, tiara of emeralds and diamonds, plume, and Brussels lace lappet, fastened with agraffes of emeralds and diamonds; ornaments, necklace, brooch, and bracelets of the same.

Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos.—Manteau of rich blue velvet lined blue glacé, trimmed with Buckinghamshire lace; corsage to correspond, with magnificent stomacher of diamonds; court petticoat of blue satin, with superb tunic of Buckinghamshire lace over. Headdress, court plume, blue velvet leaves, lace lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Duchess of Wellington.—Train of black fayet, trimmed round with a superb embroidery of floss white silk, black chenille, and bright steel paillettes; dress of black silk, covered over with fancy bouillons and ruches of tulle. Head-dress, coronet, earrings, necklace, and stomacher of superb diamonds.

Marchioness of Abercorn.—Train and corsage of rich black velours supreme, lined with black marcedine, and trimmed with bouillons of tulle and jet leaves. Corsage, a drapery of tulle with small bouffant, agraffed jet leaves, and stomacher of diamonds. Petticoat of rich black poult de soie, trimmed with ruches of tulle, en cané, and jet leaves. Head-dress, tiara of diamonds, court plume and lappet; ornaments, diamonds.

Marchioness of Headfort.—Train of rich mauve Irish poplin, trimmed with Brussels lace and leaves and bands of mauve satin; corsage of Irish poplin, trimmed with crape and lace, and stomacher of diamonds; petticoat of rich white poult de soie with bouillons of crape and flounces of Brussels lace, fastened with bands and leaves of mauve satin. Headdress, feathers and tulle lappets; ornaments, diamonds.

Countess of Ashburnham.—Train of rich black fayet, trimmed with black satin and black lace leaves, with bouillons de tulle; petticoat of black silk, with tablier of flowers and black lace. Headdress, plumes and diamonds.

Viscountess Galway.—Train of rich mauve poult de soie, trimmed with bouillons of crape and blonde, with rouleaux of satin and bouquets of primulas; petticoat of crape, divided trimmed with white blonde and bouillons of crape and pearls. with rouleaux of satin. Ornaments, diamonds and pearls.

Viscountess Hood.—Train of the richest white silk brocaded with gold bouquets, handsomely trimmed with gold fringe and white satin; corsage to correspond, trimmed with gold fringe and Brussels lace, bouquets of waterlilies, and gold butterfly; skirts of white tulle over silk, with Brussels lace tunique, and trimmings of white satin and gold fringe, bouquets of waterlilies, and gold butterfly. Parure of diamonds.

Viscountess Newry.—Costume composed of a train of mauve poult de soie, trimmed with Chantilly lace and satin; corsage to correspond, with the same lace trimmings; skirts of mauve tulle over mauve taffetas, very elegantly trimmed with tulle, satin, and lace. Headdress, ostrich feathers and veil; ornaments, diamonds.

Lady Georgiana Hamilton.—Train and corsage of rich mauve glacé, lined with white Florence silk, and trimmed with ruches of white and mauve tulle; corsage Grecque, trimmed with rouleaux of satin and tulle; petticoat of rich white glacé, with jupe of mauve tulle and bouffants of mauve and

white ditto; Marie Antoinette sash of white and mauve tulle, and rouleaux of mauve satin. Headdress, lilac plume and tulle veil.

LADY ALBERTHA HAMILTON.—The same.

LADY MAUDE HAMILTON.—Train of rich white glacé, lined with white Florence silk, tastefully trimmed with bouillons of tulle and satin, and satin rouleaux agraffed with tufts of daisies and grass; petticoat of rich white glacé, with three double jupes of tulle illusion, looped with tufts of daisies and grass. Headdress, tulle veil, court plume and foliage; ornaments, pearls.

LADY SLADE (of Maunsel).—Body and train of white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace and rouleaux of turquoise blue satin; petticoat of the richest white poult de soie, covered with tuniques of Brussels lace, with nœuds of blue satin. Headdress, Brussels lace lappets and feathers; gold ornaments.

LADY ALISON.—Rich white satin antique train and corsage, handsomely trimmed with fine black Chantilly lace; nœuds Maintenon, trimmed with gold and tulle, with jupe de cour of rich white poult de soie; handsomely trimmed tunique of black Chantilly lace, white satin and gold. Headdress, plume à la Pompadour, with veil brodé d'or; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY STAVELEY.—Rich violet Lyons velvet train, handsomely trimmed with silver, with jupe de cour of white faille covered with tulle, and handsomely trimmed with silver. Headdress, plume, à la Pompadour, with tulle veil brodé d'argent; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY AUDLEY.—Train of poult de soie, couleur de capucine, trimmed with deep Venetian point lace, looped with bouquets of capucines and white roses; corsage to correspond; petticoat of rich white satin, covered with tulle, and trimmed with ruches of the same. Headdress, feathers, a wreath of capucines and white roses, interspersed with diamonds; point lace lappets; diamond necklace and earrings.

LADY HARRIET DUNCOMBE.—Manteau and corsage à l'Empire of rich violet gros Royal, ornamented with bouffants of crystallised tulle and blonde, separated by pompons of violet crêpe lisse and geraniums; double skirt and tunic of white pekin, richly embroidered, and elegantly caught up with garlands of geraniums. Headdress, diadem of diamonds geraniums, ostrich feather, and long veil; ornaments, diamonds.

LADY SHERBORNE.—Train and bodice of rich violet poult de soie, ornamented with white Chantilly blonde, violet tulle and nœuds of satin; petticoat of tulle over taffetas slip, ornamented with violet satin rouleaux and large nœuds of satin. Headdress, feathers, blonde lappets and diamonds; ornaments, diamonds.

The Fashionable World.

THE Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch are expected to return home from Italy about the 20th inst.

Mr. Bass, M.P., Miss Bass, and Mr. Arthur Bass, M.P., and Mrs. Chichele Plowden, have arrived at 101, Eaton-square, for the season, from Staffordshire.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. and Miss Scott Murray have arrived in Cavendish-square for the season, from the South of France.

The Hon. Henry and Mrs. Walpole have arrived in Little Stanhope-street, Mayfair, from Italy.

Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell have arrived at 8, Hertford-street, Mayfair, for the season.

Mr. and Lady Catherine Weyland and family have arrived at No. 18, Upper Brook-street, for the season.

Mr. St. Aubyn, M.P., and Lady Elizabeth St. Aubyn have arrived at 42, Upper Grosvenor-street, for the season.

Lady Georgiana Willoughby de Broke has arrived in Belgrave-square for the season.

The Earl of Dunraven and family have arrived in town for the season.

Viscount and Viscountess Boyne entertained a select party at dinner on Saturday evening, at their residence in Belgrave-square.

Lady Annaly has been suffering from severe indisposition at Lord Annaly's residence in Grosvenor-place.

The Earl and Countess of Clancarty, Lady Sarah Le Poer Trench and the Hon. Mr. Le Poer Trench have arrived at the Palace Hotel, Buckingham-gate, from their seat, Garbally, Ireland, for the season.

Viscount and Viscountess Chelsea have arrived at the Dowager Countess of Craven's residence, 1, Great Cumberland-street, for the season.

The Earl and Countess of Yarborough arrived at their residence in Arlington-street on Tuesday from Brocklesby Park Lincolnshire, for the season.

The Baroness Brunnow is slowly recovering from her severe illness, but her ladyship is not sufficiently well to go out.

The Marchioness Maria of Ailesbury has returned to town for the season from a lengthened tour of visits.

Lord and Lady Charles Bertie Percy and Miss Percy have arrived at Claridge's Hotel from Guy's Cliffe, Warwick, for the season.

Lord and Lady Digby and the Hon. Miss Digby have arrived in Belgrave-square, from their seat in Dorsetshire, for the season.

Sir Thomas and Lady Gladstone have arrived in Belgrave-square for the season.

Viscountess Combermere has issued invitations for a dinner and evening party on Thursday, the 21st, to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Teck.

The Earl and Countess of Macclesfield and Ladies Parker have arrived in Eaton-square for the season.

The Countess (Dowager) of Morton and Lady Agnes Douglas have arrived in Lower Brook-street from Rome.

Lord and Lady Vaux of Harrowden and the Hon. Misses Mostyn have arrived in town for the season.

Major-General Lord and Lady Bridport and the Hon. Adelaide Hood have arrived at 5A, Cork-street, for the season.

The Duke and Duchess of St. Albans have arrived at Claridge's Hotel from Bestwood Lodge, Nottingham, for the season.

The Marchioness of Ormonde and Lady Mary Butler have arrived in town for the season.

The Right Hon. Henry Baillie, M.P., and family have arrived at the St. James's Hotel, Piccadilly, for the season.

The Countess of Ranfurly and Lady Agnes Knox have arrived in town for the season.

Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., and family have arrived at 14, New Burlington-street, for the season.

The Earl and Countess Winterton and family have arrived at 27, Eaton-place, for the season.

The Countess Apponyi has arrived at the Austrain Embassy, Belgrave-square, from Rome.

Sir Edmund and Lady Falkiner and Lady Call have arrived at 19, Dover-street, for the season, from Paris.

His Royal Highness Prince Adalbert of Prussia, accompanied by Captain von St. Paul and Count Valdersee, has left the Palace Hotel, Buckingham-gate, for Berlin.

His Excellency the Count de Rilvas has left town for Brussels, on his way to St. Petersburg.

Fashionable Events, &c.

THE Earl and Countess de Grey had a dinner party on Saturday at the family residence in Carlton-gardens.

Prince and Princess Christian, attended by their suite, dined with the Earl and Countess Stanhope on Tuesday.

The infant daughter of Mr. and Lady Ida Hope was christened on Wednesday week at St. Andrew's Church, Wells-street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. Webb, incumbent. The infant received the name of Agnes Henrietta Ida. The sponsors were—The Countess of Fife, Mrs. Hayter (sister to Mr. Hope), and Mr. Alexander Beresford-Hope, M.P.

We have to announce the death of the major and commandant of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, Sir John Morillyon Wilson, which took place on Friday night, last week, at his official residence in that noble asylum. The venerable and gallant officer had been in unsatisfactory health for some weeks past, and as he was 86 years of age, his relatives were not unprepared for the result of his illness. No living officer had experienced so many vicissitudes in the service.

Lady de Rothschild has just issued a schedule of the prizes to be offered to exhibitors at the approaching Halton Exhibition. They comprise a large number of gold, silver, and bronze medals, and the proceedings will be considerably heightened by the working competitions for straw plaiting, &c., one of the contests being in printing by young females.

On Monday night Mrs. Washington Hibbert gave her first ball this season at the family residence in Dover-street. On the occasion the whole of the apartments and the spacious ball-room were thrown open, the approaches leading to the ball-room being adorned with the choicest flowers and rare exotic plants. Cooto and Tinney's band was in attendance. The company began to assemble at half-past ten o'clock, and dancing commenced about an hour afterwards.

The following gentlemen will be the preachers at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, during the present month:—Sunday May 17, the Rev. Charles Feral Tarver, M.A., of King's College, Cambridge, vicar of St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet. Sunday, May 24, and Sunday, May 31, the Hon. and Rev Richard Cavendish Boyle, M.A., of Christ Church, Oxford, rector of Marston Bigott, near Frome.

We have to record the death of General Sir George W. Paty, K.C.B, K.H., Colonel of the 70th (the Surrey) Regiment of Foot, which occurred on Friday, last week, in his 80th year.

On Saturday night Frances Countess Waldegrave had a brilliant reception at her residence in Carlton-gardens. Previously to the reception the Right Hon. Chichester Fortescue and her ladyship entertained at dinner—Her Royal Highness the Duchess d'Aumale (attended by Mdlle. de Clinchamps), his Excellency the Bavarian Minister, the Marchioness (Louisa) of Waterford, the Earl and Countess of Clarendon, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, the Earl Cowper, the Countess of Newburgh, Viscount Sydney, Lady Clermont, the Hon. Frederick and Lady Adelaide Cadogan, Captain Hon. Charles White, M.P., Mr. and Hon. Mrs. Granville Vernon, Mr. Ralph Snoyd, Mr. Henry West, and Mr. Hayward.

Sir Watkin Wynn entertained a distinguished party of guests at Wynnstay during the Chester races. The following were amongst the number:—Prince Soltykoff, the Earl of Portsmouth, the Earl of Coventry, Earl Vane, Viscount Combermere, Viscount Canterbury, Sir R. Bulkeley, Hon. Admiral Rous, Colonel Mark Wood, Captain Bulkeley, Captain Wingfield, Mr. Drake, Mr. Alexander Chaplain, Mr. Locke, &c.

On Friday night, last week, the Countess Cowper had a reception at the family residence in St. James's-square. Among her Ladyship's visitors were—The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland and Hon. Miss Primrose, the Duke of Rutland, the Duchess of Argyll, and Lady Edith Campbell.

We have to announce the death of Sir Samuel B. Auchmuty, G.C.B., Colonel of the 7th Regiment of Foot (Royal Fusiliers), officer, who was the second son of the late Mr. Samuel Auchmuty, of Brianstown, entered the army as ensign in October, 1797, and gained all his promotions by service in the field. The late Sir Samuel served several years in the West Indies, and was present at the storming of Morne Fortunée, St. Lucia.

The Earl and Countess of Carnarvon entertained at dinner on Saturday evening, at their residence in Grosvenor street, the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Sligo, the Marchioness of Bath, the Earl and Countess Beauchamp, Lord and Lady Foley, Sir Edward and Lady Caroline Kerrison, Mr. and Mrs. Baillie Cochrane, Mr. Christopher Sykes, Mr. Raglan Somerset, Mr. Edward Herbert, &c. The Countess of Carnarvon received a select and distinguished company later in the evening.

On Wednesday, last week, between one and two o'clock, the house of the Countess Teleki, Eaton-square, was entered, as it is supposed, from the adjoining house, which is at present untenanted. The servants were at dinner, and the countess had gone out on horseback. The thief is supposed to have entered the house by one of the upper windows, and to have descended to the bedroom of the countess, where he found two caskets of jewels, some bank notes, and money, and then to have returned to one of the upper rooms, where he broke open the caskets, took out the jewels, and returned as he had come. The person in charge of the empty house had left it during the precise time which elapsed between the jewels being seen and missed, and is therefore unable to give any information as to who may have entered the house in his absence. The thief was evidently a stranger, as more valuable and convertible property lay close at hand, and might have easily been taken. A large reward has been offered for the recovery of the jewels.

Lady Egerton of Tatton gave a ball on Friday night, last week, at the family mansion in St. James's-square, at which a brillant company assembled. The Count and Countess de Paris, attended by Madlle. Brieu, honoured her Ladyship by their company.

FASHIONABLE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.—May 18. Hon. Richard Cavendish's ball.—Mrs. Eaton's second dance.—Mrs. Henry Hamilton's amateur concert (by kind permission) at 80, Eaton-square, in the aid of the funds of the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Gough House, Queen's-road West, Chelsea.—May 19. Mrs. Hanbury Leigh's ball, instead of the 18th.—May 20. Concert at Buckingham Palace.—The Hon. Lady Nugent's ball.—Mr. Henry Leslie's last orchestral concert of the season (the director's benefit)—Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony"; selection, "Acis and Galatea," &c.; soloists: Madlle. Titiens, Miss Madeline Schiller; Mr. Santley, Mr. Blagrove, and Mr. Henry Leslie's choir.—May 21. The Royal Engineers' annual banquet at Willis's Rooms.—May 22. The Countess of Caledon's ball.—The Yorkshire ball at Willis's Rooms.—May 23. Her Majesty's birthday kept.—The Countess (Frances) Waldegrave's evening party.—The great flower show of the season, Crystal Palace.—Grand evening amateur performance in the aid of the funds of the Hospital for Women, Soho-square, under the patronage of the Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Cambridge, and the Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck, at the Gallery of Illustration.

Theatres and Amusements.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.—THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Saturday (to-night)—Il Don Giovanni. Monday—Lucia di Lammermoor. Half-past Eight.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Saturday (to-night)—La Sonnambula. Monday—A Grand Opera. Tuesday—Don Pasquale. Thursday—Don Giovanni. Saturday—La Favorita. Half-past Eight.

HAYMARKET.—A Co-Operative Movement—A Hero of Romance—Intrigue. Seven.

PRINCESS'S.—Closed.

LYCEUM.—Japanese Troupe. Eight. Wednesday and Saturday, Half-past Two.

ADELPHI.—Go to Putney—No Thoroughfare. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—The Head of the Family—Black Sheep—Hit and Miss. Seven.

STRAND.—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES.—Play—A Dead Shot—A Silent Protector.

HOLBORN.—The Postboy—The White Fawn—Special Performances.

ST. JAMES'S.—French Plays. Half-past Eight.

NEW QUEEN'S THEATRE.—Doing for the Best—The First Night—Oliver Twist. Seven.

NEW ROYALTY.—Daddy Gray—The Merry Zingara—The Clockmaker's Hat. Half-past Seven.

SADLER'S WELLS.—Professor Anderson's Prestigiatory Entertainment. Eight.

ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Holborn.—Scenes in the Arena, and other Entertainments. Half-past Seven; Wednesdays and Saturdays at Half-past Two.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Christy Minstrels; twenty-seven performers. Wednesday and Saturday, Three; Evenings, Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Maccabe's Mimic and Ventriloquial Entertainment. Every evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday, Three.

POLYGRAPHIC HALL.—Heller's Magical and Humorous Entertainment. Eight; Wednesdays and Saturdays at Three.

ROYAL GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry's Musical and Characteristic Entertainment. Eight.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—Monday, Tuesday, Saturday (free), 10 a.m. till 10 p.m.; Wednesday, Thursday, Friday (6d.), 10 till 5.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

MAY 17. SUNDAY.—*Rogation Sunday.*
" 18. Monday.—Venus sets, 11.46 p.m.
" 19. Tuesday.—Length of Night, 8h. 16m.
" 20. Wednesday.—Sun sets, 7.50 p.m.
" 21. Thursday.—Ascension Day.
" 22. Friday.—New moon, 6.36 a.m. Trin. Law Term beg.
" 23. Saturday.—Sir Archibald Alison died, 1867.

Our Letter Basket.

TO THE READING PUBLIC.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER may be obtained at the principal Railway Stations, and of the Newsagents throughout the United Kingdom. In the event of any difficulty, copies will be sent direct from the office; single copies, post free, for 3d.; three copies for 8d.

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*** All Subscriptions payable in advance.

ALL communications intended for the EDITOR should be addressed to him at the Publishing Office, 102, Fleet-street, E.C.

*** Our next portrait will be that of Mrs. Eiloart.

L. D. (Exeter).—Try the effect of a sponge-bath every morning; and take as much exercise in the open air as possible, avoiding heated rooms and the excitement of late gatherings. The walk *before* breakfast would be a mistake.

R. K. S. (Kensington-park).—Declined with thanks. The subject scarcely striking enough, and the lines wanting in spirit.

BLANCHE (Colchester).—"Cre-Fydd" supplies the following receipt for a cheap Mioline Pudding, estimating the total cost at 8½d.:—Chop four ounces of suet, and rub it into six ounces of flour; moisten with cold water, and knead to a firm paste; divide it into four parts, and roll each out into a circular form, to the size of a pint basin; grate the rind and strain the juice of a small lemon or Seville orange, and mix it with three small tablespoonfuls of good honey; wash and rub dry three ounces of currants. Rub the basin with dripping; spread each piece of paste with a fourth part of the honey, and strew over that a fourth part of the currants. Lay them in the basin, one over the other, tie a cloth over well dredged with flour, put it into boiling water, and boil fast for three hours. Turn out and serve.

M. A. B. (Notting-hill).—We have forwarded your note to "Musical," and doubtless you will receive another communication. We cannot account for the other letter not reaching you.

TROUBLESOME.—You may make a good port wine jelly as follows:—One bottle of port wine; two ounces of gum arabic; two ounces of sugar-candy; two ounces of isinglass. Put all these ingredients into a jar, stand it in a saucepan of water, and keep it simmering till all is dissolved.

AMATEUR (Stratford),—Of basket plants the following have been recommended as the most showy and interesting:—Senecio Mikanioe does well to hang down in festoons, but it will climb freely. A pretty thing called Polygone suavis is a good companion to the Senecio. It is a slender spare-leaved twiner, which not only trains itself but throws out tendrils. The leaves are dark green, ovate, and serrated, and the flowers come in the axils of the leaves. They are creamy white, small, and inconspicuous, and therefore this must not be adopted as at all striking as an ornament. Trained down the sides of a hanging basket it is peculiarly graceful, and its flowers emit such a sweet and powerful odour that a single plant is sufficient to sent the atmosphere of a large conservatory. Tradescantia zebrina makes a beautiful object when grown on a block mossed over and trained down. It is also a good plant to mix with light-foliaged creepers in baskets; its leaves are dashed with crimson and purple lines on a dark green ground, stems crimson, and flowers pink. Though a stove-plant, it does well in a warm greenhouse or conservatory. Thunbergias are charming things for dark-coloured baskets, producing abundance of their neat yellow and orange blossoms all the summer, and if sown early come well from seed. For planting out to run over a trellis or bank, few things are more elegant than the Chinese Yam, Dioscorea battatas, with its shiny heart-shaped leaves and pretty sweet-scented blossoms. Tropæolum hederacea is another of the good things to train round the sides of a large basket; its fine ivy-shaped leaves and profusion of blue flowers give it great distinctness of character, and if its roots are confined it flowers sufficiently without attaining to a rank and unmanageable growth. Lonas aurantiaca may be entered as a desirable half-hardy annual to hang down in six-feet ringlets, with plenty of orange-coloured blossoms. Geranea scabra is a good stove plant, which attains a length of eighteen inches. For the centres of large vases nothing can equal pyramidal Fuchsias, and indeed a set of fuchsias of sizes suited to the vase, ranging from dwarfs at the edge to a tall pyramid in the centre, will often prove better than any more set and fanciful mixtures that can be devised. The Variegated Mint and Corastium tomentosum train over baskets well, and make a capital edging to Geraniums and Verbenas. What a splendid thing for a vase is Farfugium grande, laying its bold blotched leaves over the soft rim of a stone vase, or filling a basket of moss or hazel-rods! Cineraria maritima, the silver-frosted plant, never looks so well as when grown to a good size in a pot, and dropped into a wicker or bark vase.

COMMUNICATIONS from "Continental," E. Moore, and Shirley are declined with thanks.

Interesting Items.

A COMPETENT judge has announced that the Princess Louise bids fair to attain as high a rank in art as her Royal mother has attained in literature. At the anniversary dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund on Saturday last, the President of the Royal Academy mentioned that "the Queen had this year conferred a signal honour, not only on the Royal Academy, but on the whole profession, by permitting the Princess Louise to send to their exhibition a bust of her brother Prince Arthur." Sir Francis had no hesitation in saying that "the bust is a work of infinite talent, an admirable likeness, and a production full of refinement and taste." This opinion of its merits Sir Francis "knows to be shared in by all the members of the Royal Academy."

HER MAJESTY has granted the use of Windsor Great Park for the purpose of a volunteer sham fight on Whit Monday. A volunteer committee are organising the arrangements. The State apartments of Windsor Castle are closed until further orders.

A CURIOUS lawsuit is now raging in Paris. A Polish Jew named Rosenthal placed his boy in the Polish school there. His grandfather, a strict Rabbi, was horrified to find that the boy ate meat in the establishment which was killed by Christian. The mother accordingly carried off the boy, and the father sues her for restitution of his child. The Court has decided that he shall remain in the Consistorial School for the present.

ANOTHER star in the piano-playing sphere has made its appearance, this time on the Parisian horizon. The star in question is Mdlle. Marie Secretain, a young girl of sixteen, who has for two years running been the first prize for pianoforte at the Conservatoire. She is at present studying with Mr. Jacques Herz, and has made several brilliant public appearances lately, playing alone and with orchestra, to the critical satisfaction of *assistances d'élite*. Mdlle. Secretain's specialty is extraordinary physical power, directed by a sentiment for colour not very common. We understand she will play in London this autumn.

THE costliness of dress exhibited on the Parisian stage is fast travelling over to the British metropolis. We have good reason to believe that the three dresses worn by Mdlle. Nilsson in the "Traviata" recently, at Drury Lane, cost £500. Several of that young lady's most distinguished patronesses have applied for patterns of those truly rich and tasteful dresses.

As a girl named Rillah Foxton, aged twelve years, daughter of an auctioneer at West Hartlepool, was at dinner on Monday week, a piece of meat got fixed in her throat, and in spite of prompt surgical aid she died in about fifteen minutes.

ANOTHER morganatic marriage has taken place in Germany. The Prince of Sayn-Wittenstein has led to the hymeneal altar Fraulein Amalia Lillenthal, a daughter of a wealthy merchant of Berlin.

THE silver medallion of the Royal Humane Society has been awarded to Miss H. Sissons, of South Devon, for saving a young lady from drowning. Miss Buckworth, the youngest daughter of the Rev. T. E. Buckworth, while walking with a sister from one rock to another on the banks of the Orne, slipped into a deep pool. Her sister plunged in and pushed the poor girl to a rock, but was herself carried into deep water. Miss Sissons, hearing cries for assistance, ran to the spot, and seeing the danger of the oldest girl, plunged in to her assistance, and succeeded in keeping her up until further assistance was brought by the younger Miss Buckworth.

LADY HERBERT has recovered from the severe attack of Roman fever which for some weeks so prostrated her that on Easter Sunday her life was despaired of. Although still very weak, her ladyship is up and convalescent. The illness is attributable to Lady Herbert's too assiduous attendance at the bedside of a friend who succumbed to the same malady.

THE *Charivari* recently gave a cut of the "follow me, young man" fashion of wearing long ribbons streaming down the back. A young man is tied to the end of the ribbon.

ON Saturday morning, last week, a number of children were playing in a field belonging to Mr. Proud, in Etherley-lane, when one, about three years old, named Doxon, fell into the tank there, which is fixed in the hill side. Two little girls ran off to tell its parents that their little boy was "swimming with its legs uppermost." Before they arrived, another child, five years old, named Murray, had got hold of the drowning child and pulled him out of the water. The child was in a very exhausted state when its parents arrived, and would apparently have been drowned had it not been so gallantly rescued by its little companion.

THE wife of M. V. de M——, of Antwerp, was a few days back safely delivered of four female children. According to the local journals, this occurrence created quite a sensation in that town. When the christening took place the church was crowded with spectators, and thousands of persons lined the streets along which the *cortége* of four nurses, with their charges, and as many godfathers and godmothers, were to pass. Cries of "Vivent les époux V. de M——! Vivent leurs enfants!" were raised, and many ladies only found relief from their emotion in tears. After the return home of the children, they had to be brought out to the balcony of the house to receive an ovation from the crowd assembled in the street. All the little ones, as well as the mother, are doing well.

THE chapel in Hampton Court Palace has been repaired, and its interior accommodations improved by the removal of the old-fashioned high pews.

THE French papers relate an act of rebellion for which we have no name, unless we call it Thérèsism. The young *pensionnaires* of the Convent of the Sacre Cœur, at Bordeaux, had obtained copies of some of the famous songs of Thérèsa. This fact having come to the knowledge of the authorities, the songs were seized. Upon this the young ladies broke out into open mutiny, and endeavoured to suffocate one of the governesses between two mattrasses.

DR. M'CALL ANDERSON, in a recent paper, says:—"During the treatment I accidently discovered what promises to be the most perfect black dye for the hair which has yet been seen. After having used the bichloride lotion for some weeks, I changed it for the lotion of hyposulphate of soda; and the morning after the first application the hair of the part, which before was bright red, had become nearly black. One or two more applications rendered it jet black, while neither the skin nor the clothing was stained. I saw this patient a couple of weeks later, and there was not the least deterioration of colour, although, of course, as the hair grows the new portions will possess the normal tint. He was by occupation a Turkey-red dyer, and was much interested in the discovery, though rather grieved to find, what medically must be considered one of its greatest advantages, that it did not dye the linen, and was therefore unavailable for his purposes.

THE directors of the Crystal Palace have consented that the guinea season tickets for the year commencing May 1st shall admit the holders to the Handel Festival.

THE Baroness Julie Ebergenyi has not appealed from the judgment which condemned her to 20 years hard labour, but her father has done so, being authorised by the Austrian law. The lady offered her defender, Dr. Nenda, the sum of 1,500 florins, which the latter refused. The chapter of the Canonesses to which the prisoner belonged has pronounced her solemn exclusion—an act which had never before occurred since the community was founded.

ONE morning, last week, Mr. W. Sharp, who resides in Trinity-street, Hull, was awakened at a very early hour by hearing some persou moaning. He got up, and on looking out of a back window saw his servant girl lying on the asphalted walk in the garden. The girl had risen from bed, dressed herself, opened the bed-room window, and fallen out of it, without any knowledge of her own movements beyond a dreamy sort of an idea that she had had a fall. She was not much injured, and it is supposed that her fall was broken by the branches of a pear tree which came close up to the house.

THE Marquis Pepoli is shortly about to give in marriage his daughter Letitia to Count Galli de Forli, nephew of Pope Pius IX., and brought up by his Holiness. It seems that the future husband will do little honour to his venerable preceptor, for he is said to be favourable to the unity of Italy, and devoted to the constitutional throne of Victor Emmanuel.

AN elderly man was struck with apoplexy on Tuesday week in the Rue Vivienne in Paris. In his pocket was found the card of the Marquis of ——. A messenger was forthwith despatched to the Jockey Club, to inform his son of the fatal disaster that had befallen his father. The son arrived, and threw himself upon the corpse, embracing it and bathing it with his tears. Suddenly he jumped up and exclaimed, "By Jove, it is not my father; it's his corneutter!" who happened to have the Marquis's card in his pocket.

THE Queen of Spain sold her necklace the other day to Madame Musard for £24,000. The ex-Queen of Naples has followed her example, and has sold a pearl and diamond necklace, which has been in the Neapolitan Royal Family for several generations, for £15,000; that is, that sum was given to a joweller for the necklece, which is described as consisting of a series of medallions, set with pearls of immense size, each medallion connected by chains of diamonds, worn in her days of regal magnificence.

THE festivities in honour of the marriage of Prince Humbert terminated at Florence on the night of the 7th inst., with a splendid ball given by the municipality of Florence to the Royal family in the Palace of the Cascine and by a popular *fete champetre* in the surrounding grounds, which were brilliantly illuminated.

THE Empress of the French has decided that all the male children who were born in France on the 16th of March, 1856, the birthday of the Prince Imperial, and who made their first communion at the same time as his Imperial Highness, shall receive each 50f. by the hands of their parents who are willing to accept.

THE Empress of the French, with a view to benefit the trade of Paris, is about to resume her weekly receptions. Her Majesty has, it appears, been much affected by the news of the abominable attempt of which the Duke of Edinburgh might so deplorably have been the victim. The Empress heard of the event through a direct communication from Queen Victoria.

SECRETARY SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE has received the following telegram from the Commander-in-Chief in Abyssinia:—"Talanta, April 21. Upwards of 30 guns and mortars were destroyed in Magdala. Fifteen of the guns from six to fifty pounds. Five of the mortars from six to twenty inches calibre. Gates of Magdala blown up and every building burnt on the 17th. Nothing but blackened rock remains. Widow and son of Theodore protected in British camp as far as Tigré. Troops' return march commenced on 18th. Hope to reach Zoulla between 25th and 30th May. Wounded going on favourably. Troops well.—(Signed) ROBERT NAPIER."

THE fourth annual meeting of the Female Medical Society will be held at St. George's Hall, Regent-street, on Monday, the 25th inst., at half-past two for three o'clock. Lord Shaftesbury will take the chair, and many distinguished persons are expected to be present.

FEMALE MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.—At the recent arts examination at Apothecaries' Hall, Mrs. Isabel Thorne presented herself in company with sixty-six gentlemen. Out of the sixty-seven candidates forty-seven passed. Mrs. Thorne came out among the first six, and her papers were so excellent that the usual *viva voce* examination was dispensed with. Last May Mrs. Thorne finished the curriculum at the Ladies' Medical College in Fitzroy-square by carrying off double first honours in the medical and obstetrical classes.

THE Queen of Spain has purchased Senor Salamanca's palace on the Recolitos for her daughter; the Princess is only sixteen, her husband, Count Girgenti, is twenty-two.

SOME strange disclosures have lately been made in Paris in regard to the confinement of a number of persons, believed to be perfectly sane, in lunatic asylums. The Emperor has taken up the matter, has directed a searching official inquiry to be made, and intends himself, it is said, to visit Charenton and some other madhouses.

ABOUT fourteen years ago a daughter of Mrs. Allan, Heads of Yards, Banff, dropped a half-crown in the street. The girl did not find it again, and of course the circumstance was soon forgotten. An anonymous letter, bearing the Banff postmark, was however, received by Mrs. Allan last week in the following terms, and containing 2s. 6d. in postage stamps:—"Mrs. Alen, their was a little lacie of yours let fall haf-a-crowen at Johny Nicol's door on the high street about 14 years ago an I took it up and now I am able to pay it back."

THE first grand Flower Show at the Botanic Gardens, in Regent's-park, will be held on Wednesday, May 27. The Wednesday Musical Promenades have already commenced.

EXTRAORDINARY CURES OF PARALYSIS, RHEUMATISM, AND DEBILITY BY MEANS OF HALSE'S GALVANIC APPARATUS.—The marvellous recovery of Mrs. Eleanor Davis, of Trobanne Cellan, near Lampeter, Wales; of Dr. Bennet Gilbert, of London; of Mr. Sidney Davis, of Newcastle on-Tyne; of Mr. Lane, of Alcester, and others, have astonished the whole medical profession, as well as the public. They are more like miracles than cures by natural means. All the usual remedies had been tried; also Galvanism by means of various machines, but in vain. HALSE'S GALVANIC APPARATUS restored them all to health. Such astounding cures must surely convince every one that if Galvanism is resorted to it should be applied by means of HALSE'S APPARATUS.—Send two stamps to MR. HALSE, 40, Addison-road, Kensington, for his Pamphlet.

"HIS HIGHNESS PRINCE NAPOLEON BONAPARTE desires another pair of your excellent Hunting Boots; those that he has received fit very well."—S. W. NORMAN makes these boots of Russia and English leathers, adapted for Shooting, Alpine, Fishing, or Marching Boots.—Oakley Corner, 114 and 116, Westminster-bridge-road, London.

Our Exchange Column.

[ALL letters for this department to be marked with the word "Exchange," and addressed to the Editor at 102, Fleet-street. For rules, see No. 67, New Series.]

I HAVE several songs of Virginia Gabriel's, also some new pianoforte pieces, which I wish to exchange for a card-basket.—MARY.

I WANT Cowper's poems in exchange for Neale's "Mirror of Faith."—PIERRE.

I HAVE a pretty single perambulator, with patent springs, cane sides, and all the latest improvements, cost 4½ guineas, which I wish to exchange for a double one, by a good maker.—ADA.

I HAVE a pretty lady's card-case. What will anyone give me for it? Open to offers.—DOMESTICUS.

I AM desirous to obtain a sewing-machine, and have many things I could offer for a good one.—PERSEVERANCE.

I SHOULD like to exchange personal ornaments or books for an ivory opera-glass and an ivory-bound Church Service. Must both be good.—BLANCHE

I WISH for two tasteful hanging baskets for a fernery. Would send list of articles I could exchange to anyone having such for disposal.—AMATEUR FLORIST.

WE have received and forwarded letters during the week as follows:—"Lmiel" to "Violet;" "F. S." to "Nap;" "Little Nellie" and "X. Y. X." to "Scripta;" and "M. A. B." to "Musical."

The officers of the 10th (the Prince of Wales's Own) Royal Regiment of Hussars have appointed their annual regimental dinner for the 30th inst., at Willis's Rooms. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, colonel of the regiment, has been graciously pleased to signify his intention to dine with the officers on the occasion.

The committee who managed the successful ball given to the Prince of Wales in the Dublin Exhibition Palace have a surplus, after paying all expenses, of nearly £600, which is to be distributed among the charities of the city, without distinction of creed.

MRS RICKABY "the well dressed handsome lady" (as she is described in the police reports), charged with having married four husbands, was brought up again on Saturday at the Southwark Court. Some additional evidence was taken, and the magistrate committed her for trial, accepting bail for her appearance.

THE *Journal Illustré* gives a fac-simile of a sketch of Marie Antoinette on her way to the scaffold, taken by David, the painter, who had himself, as one of the Convention, voted for her death. Her hands are tied behind her back, and straight wisps of hair—she had cut it close herself that morning—escape from under the hideous prison cap. The contrast of this ignominy with the unyielding pride expressed by her bearing and face is most tragical. The drawing is one of a collection bequeathed by the late M. Hennin to the Imperial library.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: A rather singular funeral was observed last week in the neighbourhood of Haverstock-hill. The coffin, borne by four men, was covered by a pall traversed entirely by a large white cross, and with a broad white border, on which in capital letters of black, twelve inches high, "Rest in peace," was mounted. The coffin was followed by four girls in white dresses, blue sashes, and enveloped from head to foot in tulle veils.

A FRENCH gentleman having recently written a drama in verse thought he would give his wife an intellectual treat, and commenced reading it to her. He described with great rapture the return of spring, Nature again putting on its clothing, the flowers sending forth sweet perfume, the lambs bleating in the fields, &c. His wife here suddenly interrupted, and asked—"My dear, *apropos* of lambs, would you like a shoulder of lamb for dinner to-morrow?"

THE MIMIC CAULDRON.—This is a marvellous personal accessory; its portability is such that it can be conveniently carried in pocket or reticule, yet, withal, for small services, is as efficient as a kitchen fire. No fuel required. Early or late, in bedrooms, railway carriages, or elsewhere, boiling water, tea or coffee is obtained in five minutes. No annoyance, no trouble. In the Mimic Cauldron you can poach or boil eggs, cook potatoes, peas, tripe, or trotters, stew or fry mushrooms, oysters, eels, frogs, sausages, chops, bacon, fish, &c., &c. Cost of use, one to two farthings. Price 3s. 9d., or with frying-pan, 4s. 9d.; large size, 5s. 9d., or with frying-pan, 6s. 9d. Sent anywhere on receipt of three stamps extra to THOS. GREVILLE POTTER, Stella Lamp Depot, 11, Oxford-street, London.—[ADVT.]

DR. VICTOR BAUD, the Surveyor-General of the Mineral Waters of France, has prepared, in the form of a sweetmeat, two medicines that promise to be of much value, especially as they may be taken in so convenient a form, and by the most delicate patients, or even children, without nausea. They are called, from the way in which they are prepared, "Diastatized Organic Iron," and "Diastatized Iodine," the former being a tonic for strengthening the system, and the latter a remedy for impurities of the blood. Cress seed absorbed in a solution of iron is submitted to a process of active germination, by which means it is sought to make the iron organic; it is then diastatized. The iodine is prepared in much the same way; and the result is two medicines of elegant appearance eminently suitable for ladies and children. Sold by all the chemists.—[ADVT.]

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JUDD AND GLASS, Printers by Steam Power, will be happy to send, on application, Estimates and Specimens of Type. They have special facilities for the production of Jobbing Printing as well as Pamphlets, Books, and Newspapers.—Phœnix Printing Works, St. Andrew's Hill, Doctors' Commons.—[ADVT.]

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

On the 6th inst., at Dartmouth, the wife of Denzil Thomas Chamberlayne, late Captain 13th Light Dragoons, of a daughter.

On the 6th inst., at Dresden-villa, Broom Hall Park, Sheffield, the wife of Thomas Boyde Hime, M.B., M.R.C.P.C.D., of a daughter.

On the 7th inst., at South-place, Knightsbridge, the wife of Captain Sterling, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

On the 2nd inst., at Greenwich, Walter, eldest son of the late John Shepherd, of 20, Warwick-lane, City, and Upper Lewisham-road, S.E., to Henrietta Catherine, eldest daughter of John Rose Power, Principal of the New Cross Grammar School.

On the 8th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Backwood, assisted by the Rev. Henry Long, Edmund Knowles Lucon, Esq., eldest son of Sir Edmund Lacon, M.P., of Rokesby Hall, near Yarmouth, to Henrietta Julia, eldest daughter of R. J. H. Harvey, Esq., M.P., of Crown Point, near Norwich.

DEATHS.

On the 9th inst., at Kensington, Ellen, widow of John Eddowes Bowman, Professor of Practical Chemistry in King's College, London.

On the 10th inst., at 33, Adelaide-road, Haverstock-hill, Mary, the wife of F. H. Gervis, Esq., surgeon, aged twenty-six.

On the 10th inst., Mabel Annie, the only daughter of Mr. T. Godwin Smith, of 4, Ladbroke-place, West, Notting-hill, in the tenth year of her age.

On the 9th inst., at 24, Norfolk-square, Hyde-park, George Sowerby, Esq., of Putteridgebury, Hertfordshire, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

[**** *These announcements are inserted at the charge of* 2s. 6d.]

Advertisements.

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A BAZAAR AND FANCY SALE, under Distinguished Patronage, on behalf of the REFUGES FOR HOMELESS AND DESTITUTE CHILDREN, AND CHICHESTER TRAINING SHIP, will be held on the 30th June, 1st and 2nd July, 1868, at the Hanover-square Rooms, Hanover-square, in aid of the funds of the above Institution.
Contributions of Plain and Ornamental Needlework, Books, Drawings, Prints, Wax Flowers, Money, &c., &c., are therefore earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the Refuges, 19, Broad-street, Bloomsbury; Ealing House, Ealing, W.; and 8, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. Further particulars can be had of
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Secretary.

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A lady has offered to give £100 to the Building Fund of the New Wing of the Hospital for Women, provided nine other persons give or guarantee a like sum. The Committee have much pleasure in stating that they have since received 7 promises of the same amount; but, as some of these are conditional, it is important that the number still required should be at once obtained. Are there not in all England two persons of wealth who will each give £100 towards this interesting and benevolent undertaking, and thus enable the Committee to realize the promises already given?
Donations, &c., thankfully received by the bankers of the Charity, or by the Secretary, from whom all information may be obtained.
HENRY R. INGRAM, Secretary.
Donations or promises received to this date:—E. O., £100; A. G., £100; Two Ladies, £100; A. M., £100; A. D., £100; D. V. H., £100; R., £100; the Marquis of Westminster, £100.

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4. The finest Assam Congou, 3s. a lb. This is very strong tea, of Indian growth, draws a deep red liquor, is very pungent, a little coarse, but drinks full in the mouth. It is quite a distinct class of tea, rather peculiar, and not appreciated by all; in fact, to like it requires an acquired taste.

5. The finest Oolong, 3s. a lb. This is high burnt, very pungent tea, and is an especial favourite with the tea-drinking public in America, among whom it is more esteemed than in England; in fact, the Americans drink hardly any other tea. It draws a pale liquor, and resembles green tea in many respects.

6. The finest Canton scented Pekoe, 3s. a lb. This is a fine, wiry leaf, strongly scented tea, of peculiar piquancy and sharpness of flavour, and is frequently used to fetch up the flavour of second class teas. It is more frequently used as a curiosity, and as an experiment than by the tea-drinking public; it is, in fact, a fancy tea.

7. The finest Foo Chow scented Pekoe, 3s. a lb. This is a small, closely twisted leaf, scented with jessamine flower. When infused, it exhales a rich and fragrant perfume, which is perhaps less grateful to the palate than to the other senses.

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9. The finest Moyune Hyson, 4s. a lb. This tea is delicately fine. It flavour resembles that of the cowslip, and the colour of the infusion is marvellously like cowslip wine. It possesses the finest flavour of all green teas. It is principally consumed in Russia.

10. The finest Young Hyson, 4s. a lb. This is a small, compact leaf, and the really fine (such as Cooper Cooper and Co. sell) is exceedingly strong, and of a very fine almond flavour.

11. The finest Moyune Gunpowder, 4s. a lb. This tea is much esteemed in England. It is brisk, high burnt flavour, shotty in leaf, and heavy; it is not so fine, or so pure in flavour as Hyson, but its great strength renders it a favourite with many.

12. The finest Ping Suey Gunpowder, 4s. a lb. This is very small in the leaf, very handsome and compact, resembles pin heads; but is not so pungent in liquor as Moyune Gunpowder.

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No other price for green tea.

There are other classes of tea, but these are the choicest and best. Cooper Cooper and Co. recommend consumers to try the first four on the list, Souchong, Moning, Kyshow, and Assam. By having a small parcel of each of these they will be enabled to judge for themselves and select the flavour suitable to their taste, and then sending for the one approved of by number, they may always rely upon having exactly the same character of tea.

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Cooper Cooper and Co., in offering teas at these prices, must rely for success on a very large amount of public support. They charge only a small commission on the prices actually paid at the importers, and rely on their thorough knowledge of the trade to select such teas only as the public will approve of; and they rely on the appreciation of the public to support their endeavours. Cooper Cooper and Co. will charge threepence a package (of any size) for delivering their teas within five miles of the Royal Exchange, or at any of the railway stations in London, thus putting all on an equality, those who send for their tea and those who require it sent.

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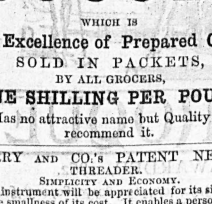
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"John Robert Taylor, Esq., Hon Sec., &c.,"

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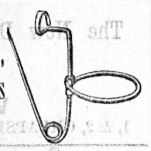
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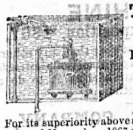
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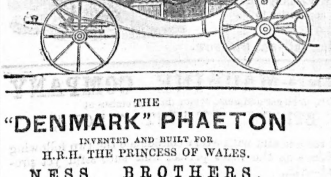
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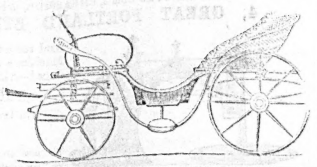
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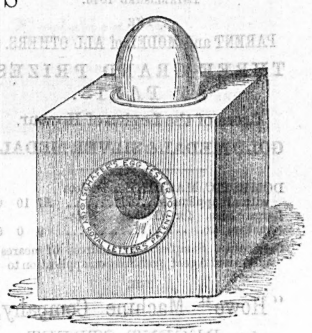
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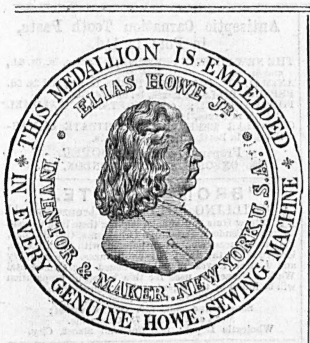
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